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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN
Illustrated Journal of
Society and
Sensational Events

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WHEN WINE IS IN, WIT IS OUT—A PURSE-HEAVY CITIZEN, OUT FOR A NIGHT'S FROLIC, WHEELS A DIZZY DISCIPLE OF TERPSICHORE THROUGH THE
STREETS ON A WAGER.—SEE PAGE 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

G. K., San Francisco.—Thanks for your kindly interest in the **GAZETTE**. Will be always happy to oblige.

G. K. K., Burnt Hills.—That phrase is meant to express energy, enterprise, and persistence. A man who has "got the grip" on his business must keep a clear head, else he will find it slipping away from him. See that you keep the "grip."

DRAMATIC AGENT, Chicago.—"Footlight Favorites" will be positively issued on Sept. 1. You can obtain it from any bookseller or newsdealer in your city. Price 30c. It will be published at the office of THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: New York.

VINDICATOR, N. Y.—It is the old story of the devil rebuking sin. The party referred to is a bigamist, a confessed cuckold, and a sneak whom no gentleman would demean himself to notice. Let him alone. We have befouled our columns once with an account of his actions. Time will make it necessary to deal with him again. Till then we forbear noticing him.

SUBSCRIBER, Sacramento, Cal.—"Glimpses of Gotham" is a series of articles on the night side of New York life, and is from the pen of the late Samuel Mackeever, the most brilliant literary writer of his day. We agree with you when you state that "Glimpses" is the best and cheapest book ever published in America. Second edition of it can be obtained at any news stand or from the publisher.

NEWS AGENT, Buffalo, N. Y.—We have no sympathy for you; it serves you right and you deserve to get an inferior publication which does not create a demand like the **GAZETTE**. We have no branch offices, and whoever told you so, led. Be particular to address your letters to **POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, 183 William street, New York.** The Publisher would consider it a favor if other newsdealers would make a note of this.

PRIVATE KELSEY, Los Pinos Agency, Cal.—We again repeat that we have no connection whatever with the police news, and would ask you and all other soldiers of the United States army who desire to obtain the best and handsomest illustrated sporting and sensational paper in the world to address your letters plainly to **RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher POLICE GAZETTE, 183 William street, New York City.** Your letter containing money has not reached us.

THE CODE OF HONOR.

Recent events have shown that one of the curses of the South is the so-called "Code of Honor." Long years ago it was decided in more temperate times that in the law was all sufficient redress for injuries received, and the result was that the duello went out of vogue, and its advocates, so far from becoming heroes in the eyes of the public, exposed themselves to scorn and contempt. It was seen that the code belonged to a long past era, when the only redress for personal wrongs lay in personal prowess. But Southern gentlemen have felt themselves bound to these senseless rules, and at frequent intervals for many years past, we have heard of hostile meetings wherein one, or perhaps both, of the duellists bit the dust. Oftimes the pretexts for those bloody encounters were so fanciful and so utterly uncalled-for that men of sober thought marvelled that they should have occurred. A word, a glance, a slight movement of the hand—anything or nothing in fact—was seized upon by the professed fire-eater as a pretext for "calling out" his supposed enemy, and the result was either a compromise that cast dishonor upon American courage the world over—for a fight arranged should be fought out—or bloodshed that might well have been avoided.

A bloodless duel, such as that between Fred. May and James Gordon Bennett, some years ago, covers both participants with ridicule, but how much better such an one than that in which Col. Shannon met his death recently, at the hands of Col. Cash. In this case Col. Shannon was absolutely hounded to his death, and the Code of Honor was used as the lever to move him from his resolution not to fight. Thereafter, with "posting" (the method justified under the Code for branding a man as a coward) Col. Shannon was forced, in an evil moment, into the acceptance of a challenge with one of a family of duellists, and fell dead on the field. We have no hesitation in pronouncing his death a cold-blooded murder, and in demanding the punishment of his murderer.

It is pleasant to record the beginning of an era in the South in which the face of society will be firmly set against the duello, and the more so that the frequent violation of the law among gentlemen of prominent position is seized as an excuse for disorderly acts on the part of persons in the lower classes. Out of evil sometimes comes good. The Cash-Shannon duel has been the means of awakening many Southern gentlemen to the enormities enacted under the shadow of the code, and we are now in receipt of news of the organization of the Camden Anti-Duelling Society in South Carolina. The object of the society is to discourage dueling at all times, but not to prosecute duellists. Already, we are told, many of the best men in the state have joined the society, and we hope that before long public opinion in the South will have been so worked upon that the adherents of the Code of Honor will be forced to demonstrate their peculiar ideas under penal restrictions. If the laws are not sufficient to protect private right and individual honor, let us have new laws: but for God's sake let us discard the barbarous pistol.

KEEPING DOWN THE POPULATION.

Under the startling head, "Child Murder in Massachusetts," the Springfield Republican, which evidently knows what it is talking about and which is not given to exaggeration, declares that one of the chief reasons for the slow growth or positive decline in the population of New England is "the disposal made of infant life, both before and after birth, among a class of our population." Our contemporary's words are very strong and plain; and the picture it draws is shocking in the extreme. To a very large extent, it says, "marriage is postponed, concubinage substituted for it, and the birth of children prevented or else their little lives destroyed, by persons married and unmarried here in Massachusetts." The number of illegitimate births in Massachusetts, it says, is much greater than any statistics show, and would be far larger were not wicked means taken to prevent or conceal such births. The mischief is on the increase; and one part of it, the destruction of incipient human life, extends widely among married people. But also child-murdering, baby-farming, and wet-nursing crimes prevail in every part of the state.

Respectable physicians—many in number—are parties to these crimes. They act as brokers between the young mother, anxious to hide her shame, and the professional baby farmers who receive the infants with a distinct understanding that they are to be killed off as soon as possible. The Republican gives facts which show that it is not exaggerating, and it calls the thing by its right name—murder.

A few years ago a woman was convicted in London of permitting children committed to her care to die of neglect and starvation, and she was hanged. It seems to us that if a few of the respectable physicians, rich women and baby farmers in Massachusetts were hanged, the effect would be salutary.

A GAY FROLIC.

The Novel Wager Which Two Wine-Bibbers Made and the Way they Carried it Out.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Just how much a fool a man can make of himself when drunk, was illustrated in a very sensational manner a few nights ago in this city. A party of friends met during the evening, and after "smiling" several times, one proposed that they "take in" the sights. Several of the concert halls were visited, and the frail syrens who dance jigs in scanty costume, and sing songs ditto, were made the recipients of many attentions. As a general thing these young women had rather grace the festive board and destroy liquids than perform their duties as caterers to the public's amusement. The one's work, and the other pleasure. The proprietors of these concert dives recognize their worth when the right party is in hand, and never interfere so long as the party whom she entertains keeps putting up liberally for the pleasure of her society. The festive gents in question in their rounds happened into a place famous for its unrestraint and painted beauties. One of the dancers in the saloon took a seat at the table with them, and soon all hands were mellow with wine to that extent that they were ready for any frolic that promised sport. One banteringly offered to wager a good sum that his friend at his elbow "are not wheel the damsel at the table through the streets in a wheelbarrow. A promise of a good slice out of the stakes, combined with the reckless spirit which she had imbibed with the wine, made her a willing partner in the arrangement. The wheelbarrow was procured, and seating herself as gracefully in it as its construction would permit, the challenged party grabbed the handles and started off. The distance named in the wager was covered. As usual when anything worthy of official interference occurs, not a "cop" was met on the way. The money was won, and lost in the grand drunk which followed.

DEPRAVED WOMEN.

A Slap at the Stern Sex Not Undeserved—Something for Chivalrous Gentlemen to Read.

There it goes again! A nephew of ex-Gov. Hunt, of Colorado, kills a gambler from New York in a dance hall at Albuquerque. Charles Hunt, a gambler, shot and killed another gambler. The papers say that there was a quarrel between those two gentlemen over a "depraved woman." Now, what is a depraved woman? She is one who is looked up to by that noble animal man, when he is lower in the scale of life than the one who made her a victim. A woman who has had her passions overheated by a man, who has been ruined by the gossip of her own sex, who being bloodless are therefore passionless, or who being ignorant are therefore garrulous and gossip. She is the victim who by the hand of lust has been thrown from a home into a ditch, and who being helpless is therefore depraved!

Men are never depraved! They are gentlemen! They get roaring drunk, foolishly besotted, wickedly inhuman, but are never depraved. They make love to unfortunates whose nature is to cling to somebody, who are thrown into hell by the religious element, who have no society to enter save that of the wild and fearful, who do openly what many real nice folks do in private, who do without the marriage ceremony what many others do with it as a protection, who live upon men who are willing to support them, and therefore are depraved.

Well a well! The world is full of those who are willing to be supported—Bloodsuckers of church, state, politics, enterprise, society and the so-called affections; but none are depraved except those who are openly or secretly hired and supported by that noble animal—man.

Depraved woman! There must be something good in a woman over whom a quarrel is waged by gentlemen; therefore we doubt the statement as to the character of the woman, who, if she has lived to no other good purpose, has indirectly rid the earth of one useless being.—Denver Great West.

A Matrimonial Agency.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An enterprising Yankee in Colorado, realizing the loneliness of the miners in the camps of that State, and anxious to turn an honest penny by helping them out of it, has started a matrimonial agency, where spinsters longing for a change from a life of single blessedness may come, and at so much commission secure a husband. The miners who patronize the establishment, however uncouth themselves, have a very fastidious idea of beauty in the other sex. The female applicants do not always come up to their standard, and the miners in their blunt way criticize with a freedom that causes trouble.

In Bad Business.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The proud bird of America has distinguished himself on several occasions by carrying away little children. A few days ago one near Androscooggin, Me., less bloodthirsty, swooped down on two young ladies and carried away the gay headgear which adorned the person of one of them. Both were frightened almost out of their wits, but considered themselves lucky in escaping so cheaply.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

The charming artist whose portrait appears in this issue is one of the reigning favorites of the American stage. Miss Elmore forms one in the charming "bouquet of girls" known as the Rice Surprise Party. She is one of the handsomest and best in that clever party. She has been before the public for a short time, but has won a fame which many older actresses may well envy.

SEASONING.

Hickory, dickory dock,
Mable had walsed but a block.
An orange-peel
Under her heel
Showed the red stripes in her sock.

YOUNG FARMER—Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusherton?" Miss Gusherton—"Oh, really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean that as a declaration, you must speak to mamma."

MOTHER—"Now, Gerty, be a good girl, and give Aunt Julia a kiss, and say good-night." GERTY—"No, no! If I kiss her she'll box my ears, like she did papa's last night."

A MAIDEN lady of Johnstown, for disappointed love, has let her toe-nails grow seven years long. The only proposal she had received since was from a man with two wooden legs.

"TWENTY years ago," said a colored philosopher, "niggers were wof a thousand dollars apiece, and now they would be deah at two dollars a dozen. It's 'stonishing how de race am runnin' down."

A SPOONY newly-married couple at Chautauqua, were overheard billing and cooing. He—"What would doves do if pidgees died?" She—"Dovey'd die too." Emetics were at a discount among the listeners.

A CELEBRATED lawyer once said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, and a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

It would never do to elect women to all offices. If a female sheriff should visit the residence of a handsome man and explain to his jealous wife that she had an attachment for him, there would be a vacancy of that office in about two minutes.

THE wild waves told a very plain story to one young man while he was bathing. They told him that unless that he could find the clothes he left on the beach he would be compelled to make a ridiculous exhibition of himself, and subsequent event proved that they were right.

"Look heah, squire, dars a niggah in Galveston what's been sassin' me; supposing I jes maul de life outem him?" The lawyer replied: "You would be apt to get your neck stretched." "Now, boss, you is jokin' What do white folks care for one niggah moah or less now de census is done tuck?"

GIRLS, when your mothers attempt to give you taffy by coaking you to learn to cook, think of that young lady of Chicago, who took cooking lessons, and the night before she was to be married fried soft shell crabs for her Adolphus. The hot fat spattered in her face and she had to be painted before she could be married.

He came into the editor's room with a large roll of manuscript under his arm and said very politely: "I have a trifle here about the beautiful sunset yesterday, which was dashed off by a friend of mine, which I would like inserted if you have room." "Plenty of room. Just insert it yourself," replied the editor, gently pushing the waste basket towards him.

"MOTHER, do all angels have wings?" "Yes, my dear." "Will I be an angel and have wings when I die?" "Certainly, my love." "Golly, what a big pair Mrs. Thompson must have. I should think they must be as large as the sails of Uncle Tom's yacht." Mrs. Thompson, it may be stated in explanation, is a lady who weighs in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds.

A NEW YORKER advertised that for one dollar he would send directions how to cure a turn-up nose. A young lady who forwarded a dollar received the directions the next day. She was advised to employ a blacksmith to strike her a heavy blow on the end of the nose with a sledge hammer until a cure was effected. A very striking remedy, but she didn't follow the directions.

Down Broadway the other day there was an entanglement of carriages, and an old lady in an omnibus squealed like a peacock: "Oh! we shall be killed!" "Pardon, madam," said another of the passengers, "what can you fear? Don't you see that our omnibus is so much heavier than the carriages that it is we who will crush them." "Ah, yes, that's so," said the old lady, smiling reassured.

He went down to the market the other day to buy some fish. "Have you any mackerel?" said he. "Yes, Tinkers," said the salesman. "My name is not Tinkers," was the reply. "I said," responded the other man, "we have Tinkers." "But I tell you," was the indignant rejoinder, "that I am not Tinkers; I am Wagglestaff." "I don't care who you are; we've got tinker mackerel; can't you understand?"

YUM YUM.

"Pass the pork and beans, dear mother, For I'm hungry as a hog, True, I had a picnic dinner, Sitting on an ancient log. But Adolph was there, dear mother, And I am would have him think I am of ethereal make up. For, mamma, he's got the chink; So I only ate a morsel. Of a dainty roasted cake, And a peanut and a raisin. Gave all solid grub the shake. Pile the provender around me, For I'm famishing, by gum! Ain't this ham and beans delicious, Oh! yum! yum! yum! yum! yum!

THERE are plenty of men now in existence who deserve hanging, and none more so than a sharp youth of whom we have just been reading. At a marriage which he attended the bride was a young damsel who had been a great flirt. When the clergyman asked the usual question: "Who gives this woman away?" the mean rascal exclaimed: "I can, but I won't." Of course there was a scene; had there been a vigilant committee in that locality, there would doubtless have been a neck tie festival after the wedding.

LIFE'S CURIOSITY SHOP.

A COUPLE were recently married at Newport after a courtship of thirty-five years.

AN immense crop of divorces will be harvested at the ensuing judicial joust in Springfield.

AN IDAHO woman who was caught by an Indian broke away from him and put two holes in him with a pitchfork.

Two deaf mutes were married the other day in Chenango county, N. Y. It is pleasant to think that no harsh words will ever pass between them.

FOR making insulting advances to a neighbor's wife, a farmer named McVey, of Cass county, Pa., was horsewhipped by the woman's husband one day last week.

NEWCOMERTOWN, Ohio, has forty-seven old maids and forty-three widows, and but eleven bachelors and seven widowers, and no man can walk the village streets alone without fear and trembling.

ANNIE KELLY, of Primghar, La., two weeks ago fled from her parents' roof to join her seducer at Laramie City. The villain is Charles Allen, a man old enough to be her father, and has a wife living.

MRS. HUTCHINSON threatened, at Sligo, Ohio, to do something that would "make Oscar feel right bad." Oscar was her husband, and they had quarrelled. That night she eloped with a negro neighbor.

AN Atlantic girl who reads the newspapers was proposed to recently by a nice young man. She reflected for a moment and then asked time to prepare her letter of acceptance. Evidently she proposes to formulate her own platform.

ONE of the young maidens who waits on the table at a hotel at Narragansett claims to be the fiancée of an English nobleman who visited the place a few years ago, but who never returned. Mariana-like, she waits and waits, but he cometh not.

HENRY BRITAIN, of Richmond, Ind., while asleep at noon, fell from his second-story window, struck on a lumber pile with sufficient force to bounce him into a cistern eight feet away, and when some workmen who saw him fall ran to him he was asleep.

A GROCER in Auburn, Cal., sent some clothes to a washerwoman to be laundered. The woman found in the pockets of the trousers \$3,000 in bills, and promptly returned the money to the owner. What did the grocer do? He gave her a bar of soap and thanked her.

MRS. C. C. TRAPHAGEN, of Massillon, O., was called to her front door recently, and had a quantity of vitrol dashed into her face by a man who fled. She had sued for a divorce from her husband on account of brutal treatment, and he has been arrested on suspicion of the dastardly act.

AN eloping couple from Ann Arbor, Mich., were reported to the authorities at Detroit, the other day, by James M. Cook, the father of the girl, who alleges that his daughter Jennie, sixteen years of age, ran away from home with her uncle, Sewell M. Cook, a man forty-seven years of age.

MR. AND MRS. W. MOULTON, West Compton, rejoice in the possession of a three-months-old daughter that weighs just three pounds. The infant's arms are described as being the size of a man's little finger, while its hand is no larger than an ordinary thumb. The child weighed one and one half pounds at its birth.

A YOUNG man named Waldron, having been arrested at Sunnyside, Ga., by the sheriff of Spaulding county, a posse overpowered the sheriff, took the prisoner, and cut his head off. Waldron ran away about two weeks ago and came to Atlanta, bringing with him a young girl, twelve years old, his wife's sister.

A YOUNG woman died in the Muscatine, Ia., county poor house the other day, who was said to be the daughter of wealthy parents in the northern part of the state, who had inhumanly turned her out to become a wanderer, because she was subject to fits, which calamity was considered a disgrace to the family.

AT Fulton, N. Y., a widow, afflicted with a singular mania, persisted in thinking that there was a man bed-ridden in the cellar of her house. To appease her fears, the neighbors procured a wooden man, dressed it up, shot it and threw it into the river. Since then the woman's nights are no longer sleepless.

IN Augusta, Ga., a colored girl ten years old, that had been inhumanely treated, was taken away from her grandmother. After beating the poor girl she would put her up the chimney in a salt sack. In the winter the old woman has been known to throw cold water over her, and then keep her out of doors until her clothing was frozen.

THE loss of a solitary diamond of great value was reported at Montreal after it had been missing for several weeks. All the traps in the loser's house were carefully examined without success, but, reasoning that the diamond, being heavy, might still be lodged in the horizontal part of the wastepipe, the plumbers cut the pipe and found the stone embedded in the slime with which the wastepipe was coated.

LARK EDWARDS, a drunkard, boasted in a bar-room at Somerset, O., that he had murdered a man eighteen years before. He described the exact spot where he had buried the body. He was a notorious liar, and nobody believed the story; but soon afterward human bones were unearthed at the spot he had indicated. He has been arrested and there is evidence enough to probably convict him.

MRS. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON appeared in a murder case in San Francisco ten days ago. She was attired in a black silk dress, with a rose fastened at her throat, and she carried a well-thumbed vol-

ume of legal lore. She opened the pleadings for the defense, and discovered that there was a woman in the case. Although she was the first of her sex to address a jury in that State, she had no fears of the ordeal, but was confident that her success would be a refutation of the popular belief that a woman is out of place at the bar. She considers the law a very agreeable and profitable profession.

Nor long ago the wife of a man in Maine died and the funeral services were held at the house. The pastor of the church conducted the religious ceremonies, and when nearly all were through with, he invited another clergyman to make the closing prayer. He did. A few days afterward the man who made the prayer, took a saw down to the bereaved husband to be filed, and he did the job well. On being asked for it he replied that twenty-five cents was the usual charge, but as his customer was a minister of the gospel he would only ask him half that sum. "Well," said the clergyman, "you know I prayed at your wife's funeral, which, of course, I couldn't do for nothing, and if agreeable to you, I'll offset it against the saw filing and call it square."

A MUSCULAR and energetic negro revivalist is at work in Little Rock. "I see a good many ole tuffs in dis house," he said, in one of his meetings, "an' I wants 'em to cum up to de mourner's bench right now. Dey's got ter cum. De Lord doan say I wish you would do anythin', but say's you got to do it. Firmness is religion. De rock ob ages is made outer flint. Mr. Johnson," said the preacher, addressing a sinner, "cum up an' put your 'ead on this 'ere bench. I'se played kyards wid yer, but you'se got ter reform. Come on, I tells you; is you cumin'?" "No, I isn't," replied Mr. Johnson. "Den I'll fetch yer. You'se been standin' off de preachers long 'nough." The preacher left the pulpit, advanced to where Mr. Johnson was sitting, and caught him by the collar. The two men began struggling, and confusion prevailed; but Mr. Johnson was dragged to the bench.

AN odd case is reported from Carlisle, England. A doctor was called one evening at 7 o'clock to visit a lady aged about fifty-five, who had, as she described it, been feeling poorly all day, but could give no definite symptoms and complained of no pain. During the examination he noticed a change in her speech. This led him to an investigation of the throat. Outwardly the neck appeared normal, and nothing could be felt to indicate an obstruction; he then examined the pharynx, but no foreign body could be seen there, and the examination only brought on vomiting and straining. However, he determined to look a second time, and judge of his surprise to find bedded low back in the pharynx a set of false teeth, which he extracted with little trouble. Upon inquiry the woman said she had missed her teeth about 9 o'clock in the morning, but had no idea she had swallowed them. It is remarkable that they had been in the pharynx without causing her any pain for over ten hours.

THE BOLDEST YET.

Highway Robbery in the Streets of the Metropolis—What a beautiful Police Force!

As car No. 147 of the Third Avenue Railroad reached the corner of Bowery and Spring street at 3:45 A. M., on the 23d inst., five fellows sprang upon the front platform, when the driver, whose name is Parker, rang the bell for the conductor to come forward and collect their fares. In a moment they jostled Parker and robbed him of \$1.40, which he had in his pantaloons pocket, and then as the conductor opened the front door and demanded their fares, they made use of insulting language and rushed past him one after the other into the car and pushed on to the rear platform. On their way they snatched two watches from the pockets of a couple of drowsy passengers, and made an assault upon another passenger who attempted to interfere with them. The car was stopped and the last-mentioned passenger was picked up bodily and carried into the street, where he was knocked down and kicked about the body by the thieving crew. At this time a policeman came up, when one of the gang said to him, "It's all right, Jackson," upon which, as is reported, he turned on his heel and left the scene. This exclamation of "It's all right, Jackson," was made when the passenger who had been assaulted called upon the officer to arrest the thieves. Those who witnessed the affair said that it was all over in less than ten minutes, and that the officer made no attempt to arrest any of the gang or to call assistance, which he could readily have obtained from either side of the Bowery.

Officer Jackson, who witnessed the occurrence stated that he was not aware that a robbery had taken place. He heard the noise of a disturbance on the car, and hastened to the scene to find a man standing in the street alone, the car having proceeded on its way. The stranger said he had been assaulted by a crowd of roughs, and asked that they be arrested. The roughs had by that time disappeared. He did not hear his name called, and as he had not witnessed the assault could have made no arrests. The robbery was not reported at Police Headquarters, and there is no clue to the identity of the bold highwaymen.

How to Beat the Best Time on Record.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The wonderful time made at Rochester between Maud S. and St. Julien has startled the natives. But true to their natural spirit, they are now looking for something that can beat it. The GAZETTE inclines to the opinion that the limit of horse speed has been reached, and that those who look for anything in the equine line to do better will be disappointed. The ostrich, according to naturalists, can run like the wind. If the horses cannot be beaten, and flesh and blood must be pitted against them, why not take an ostrich? Let a young lady, dressed in the prevailing style of the day, do the driving, and five to one there will be some of the liveliest going ever witnessed.

CLOSE CALLS AND DEADLY ACCIDENTS

THE body of Louis Meltzer, drowned while fishing in the lake at Toledo, O., during last week, was found on the 22d. The hand of the corpse still clutched the fishing line.

MRS. SWAN, a respectable German Catholic lady of Lafayette, Ind., jumped off the canal bridge and was drowned. She had become insane because her son had married a Protestant.

AT Factoryville, Neb., two sons of Nicholas Young met their death by foul air in a well which they were cleaning. John, the elder, went to the rescue of his younger brother; both were taken out dead.

A BRIDGEPORT, Conn., man refused to eat meat or any other dish containing meat, when he was a baby two years or so, and he has held steadfastly to the same platform through a life that counts up nearly forty years.

A MAN at Burlington, N. J., while looking over a picket fence at his wife's grave, slipped in some way and caught his neck between two of the pickets so that he could not extricate himself. He was released after a while, and died shortly after.

MR. WILLIAM SEAL, of Booneville, Mo., while out hunting on Tuesday, the 17th inst., attempted to cross a ravine on a log. He fell and accidentally shot himself. The contents of the gun passed through his head, and, it is supposed, caused instant death. His remains were not found until next day.

WHILE an excursion train on the Camden and Atlantic road was crossing the Atlantic City meadows at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour on Monday, Frank Wild, of Philadelphia, was pushed off by a stranger with whom he had been led into an altercation. Strange to say, Wild escaped with few bruises.

AT Lancaster, Pa., Miss Tillie Mather was walking with a gentleman when a spark from the latter's cigar set fire to her dress, and she, becoming alarmed, started to run. A gentleman who was driving toward her jumped out of his carriage and wrapped a blanket around her, but she was so badly burned that she died shortly after.

AN East Bridgewater (Mass.) young man being in Kansas recently, and desiring to get home but minus the means, resorted to the ingenious device of having a telegram sent to his friends saying that he was dead and desiring money to forward the body. The amount required was raised with difficulty and sent on, but when the body appeared the friends thought it was a pretty lively corpse.

CHARLES McDOWELL, a young man from Greenbrier, West Virginia, was killed last week while alone at a deer stand by the accidental discharge of his gun. It is supposed while setting in a rock the weapon fell, causing the discharge of both barrels. Two heavy loads of shot took effect in his body, and he was in the agonies of death when his comrades came to him on hearing the reports.

MR. WALTIS, of Black Earth, Wis., was out of luck this past week. He went into his barn with a lantern, and fell through a hatchway, injuring himself severely. The barn caught fire and was burned to the ground. Mr. Waltis would have perished in the flames, but for the heroism of his grandson, aged 15 years, who, at the risk of his own life, carried his luckless progenitor out of danger.

A HORRIBLE death occurred to William Cooper, of Van Ettenville, Chemung county, N. Y., Tuesday. While walking on the railroad track of the Utica, Ithaca & Elmira Railroad, while crossing a bridge, he fell through the ties in such a manner as to be unable to extricate himself, his head remaining above the ties and his body dangling below. While so fastened his head was cut off by an approaching train.

FARTHING DUDLEY, of Danville, Va., has a dissipated son, a lad who threatened to kill his father some time ago. Recently the father sat down to the table, and Mr. Motley and his wife were with them. She helped herself to butter, but finding it very bitter ejected it. Mr. Motley then tried it, and also found it too bitter to eat. The butter was given to two dogs and three cats, and very soon they all were dead. The son has run away.

WHILE lunching with his family on Shark river, Ocean Beach, the other day, Mr. Cloke, editor of the Trenton True American, was attacked by a rattlesnake, the reptile being attracted by a large red flower on the back of Mrs. Cloke's bonnet. The party were sitting round a table-cloth spread under the pines, and there was an instant stampede. The snake was killed with a club. It had eight rattles. Ocean Grove is alarmed to think that there are rattlesnakes around.

IN Charleston it took a squad of eight or nine policemen a half hour's hard fight with pistols and clubs to kill a vicious bull dog belonging to a lady living on Radcliffe street. The dog was playing with two children, and turned suddenly upon and bit them. A gentleman who attempted to rescue the children was also badly bitten, and the whole household finally blockaded in the house. The police were sent for, and finally dispatched the brute after firing a dozen rounds into him.

GEORGE E. BARNES, a painter, residing at 1623 Carpenter street, Phila., was at work with a comrade on the new building at Eighth and Market streets on Wednesday. A plank was used. Eight feet of it projected over the elevator well and Barnes was on this end of the plank. A comrade balanced this weight by sitting on the end of the twelve foot section. Barnes leaned over too far, making the leverage too great for the other painter, who tumbled off and down went Barnes and the plank sixty feet through the well. He was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he died. Accidental death was the coroner's verdict.

A WIFE'S TUMBLE.

Deserting Her Babe and Husband to Go it For Better or Worse With a Negro.

The little village of Sligo, five miles west of Wilmington, Ohio, is enjoying a huge sensation, and the good people in that neighborhood who desire to talk, can indulge in their favorite pastime until they are tired.

Some three years ago Oscar Hutchinson, a young man residing in the neighborhood of Sligo, was married to a Miss Evaline Job, the only daughter of a poor hard-working, respectable farmer, who resided in the vicinity of the Hutchinson residence. The young folks went to housekeeping on the farm of Finley Ham, in the same neighborhood, and were getting along as nicely as could be asked.

In a short time a child was brought into the humble little home to gladden the hearts of its inmates. On Sunday afternoon the wife and mother started, as she said, to go to her father's to remain a short time, and left the father with the little child, who was only nineteen months old, at home.

Since the time when she kissed the baby good-by, and started to her father's, she has not been seen by them. The husband waited until evening, and she not returning, he went over to her father's and asked for her, when he was informed that she had not been there. After making inquiry in the vicinity he ascertained that she was seen by one of his neighbors to get into a buggy and ride off with a worthless, repugnant-looking young negro, by the name of Major Ward, who resides close to their residence.

Up to the time of this unexplainable conduct on her part she had always borne a good reputation, and the husband had never had any cause to suspect her unfaithfulness.

Where they have gone he has not been able to ascertain. The blow falls heavy on the good father and mother, who have done their part in trying to raise her right and proper. No cause is known to exist for her singular conduct. No trouble of any kind had taken place between her and her husband, and why she should leave a kind husband and her little girl-baby is one of the things past finding out. Hutchinson has the sympathy of the entire community, and many are the threats to do the negro Ward violence should he return to that neighborhood. One of the strange things in regard to the affair is, that she was never seen in Ward's company by any one, nor was it known that she was even friendly with him, until they started away together.

LEADVILLE ADVERTISING.

How the Fancsy Set Forth the Attractions of Their Dens—Specimens for Hunters After Originality.

A correspondent sends the Chicago Inter-Ocean the following samples of advertising "dodgers" distributed in Leadville. They beat anything in the way of "cheek" we have yet seen: "Keno, as played at Wyman's, is a very honest, upright, and religious game. It is religious, because Wyman don't allow any one to swear or to make those vulgar expressions sometimes used in playing keno, which is so common. It is respectable, because the Rev. Mr. Talmage was in the other evening to see the game, but Wyman was too busy entertaining the brethren to attend to preachers. But from this time on all preachers and other good people are invited. Wyman will try and make it pleasant for all. Wyman has no noise or trouble because he treats all his customers to the finest liquors and cigars free; also a hot free lunch three times a day. Therefore there is nothing for any one to quarrel about. Keno is a very great and interesting game, also a very ancient game. Wyman has taken the trouble to trace it back and finds it dates as far back as the early days of Kokomo and Jerusalem. In order that all hands shall fully understand and also receive the benefits of the game, Wyman has opened an afternoon and evening class, for adults only, in the large basement of Wyman's block. This is the only place to get the celebrated wheat whisky."

"The only pure wheat whisky in Leadville is at Wyman's, in Wyman's Block, Harrison avenue. A pure whisky, with no headache or crazy in it. If you drink whisky, try it, but don't drink whisky."

OLD JOHN'S COURTSHIP.

A Chase Around a Woodpile That Ended in a Wedding.

[Subject of Illustration.]

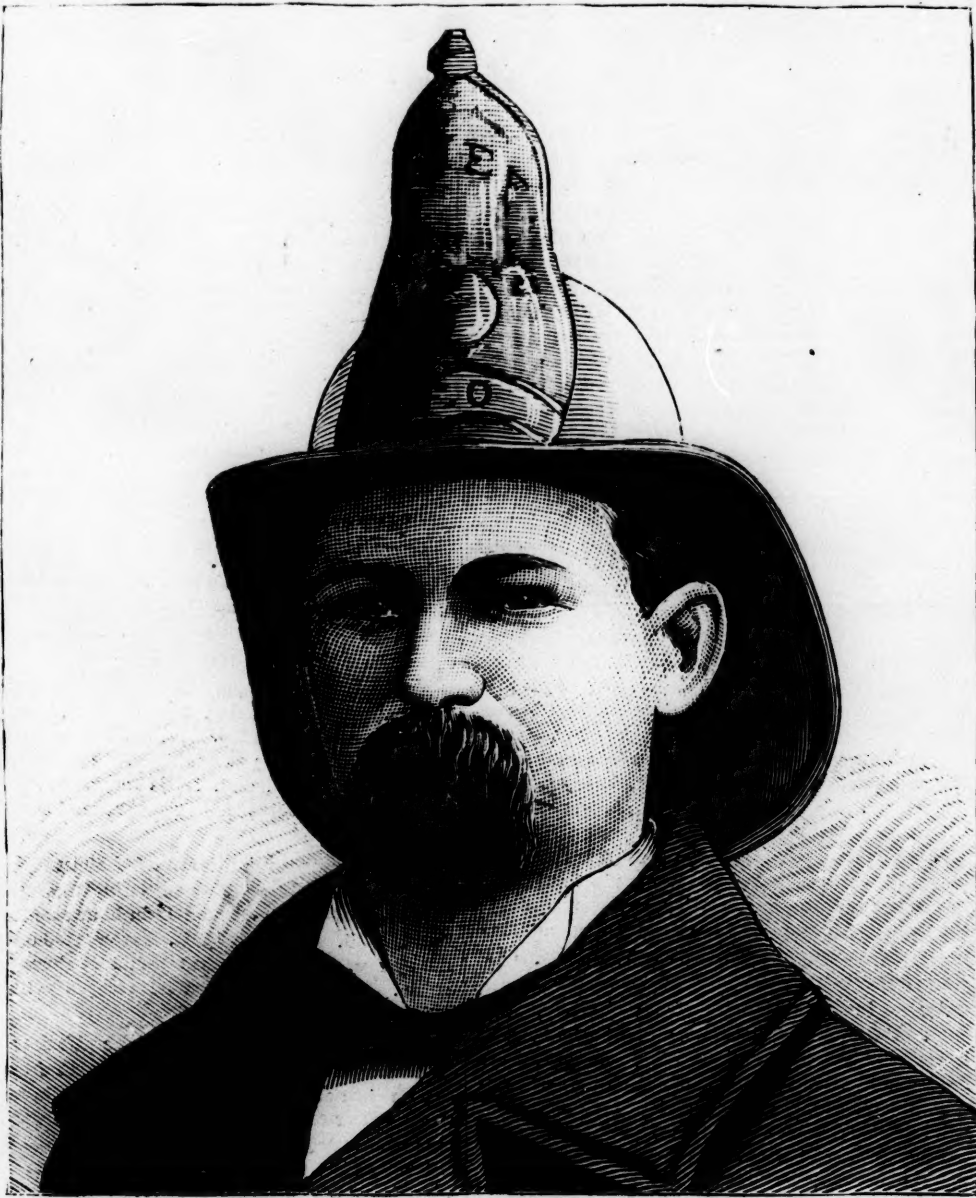
Near the town of Millville, California, is a cosy little cottage, hidden by fragrant curtains of clo-matis and shaded all day long by a grove of spreading oaks. Until recently this cottage had as its occupant a young widow, who, though rosy and full of life, kept all admiring bachelors at a distance. Down the road a mile or so lived John Simpson, a wealthy and childless widower, whose life had been embittered because of former domestic unhappiness. "Old John," as he was called, rolled in wealth and wallowed in wine, and people said that he was going to the dogs by lightning express. And so he was. Early last June Old John's prolonged dissipation made him wild. He buckled on a broadsword one day, and mounting his best horse, galloped across the country, slashing at everything that fell under his eye. Reaching the widow's house he leaped from his horse and chased the widow round and round the woodpile in the yard. When he stopped for breath the widow snatched the sword. In another instant she had tangled Old John's boots in the clothesline and he was a prisoner. When Old John recovered his senses he found himself in bed in his own house, with the widow watching by his side. The widow told him that she meant to master him the rest of his life. He looked at her and laughed. In two weeks they were married, and Old John has been perfectly docile, as well as devoted ever since.

OUTLAWS IN VICTORIA.

Desperate Doings of a Gang of Marauders at the Antipodes—Robbery, Murder and Train-Wrecking—Kelly, Their Leader, in a Coat of Mail—Run to Earth.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

The history of criminal career in any portion of the British Empire during the past century has no equal to that of the drama on which the curtain fell at Glenrowan, in the sister colony of Victoria, a fortnight since. The term bushranger is purely Australian, and is coeval with the earlier days when the felony of England found a home here, and its worse specimens thought that there was a highway from Botany Bay to China. The gang headed by Howe in Tasmania, and that by Gardner, now of San Francisco, in the Australian colony have each a certain amount of prestige in criminal annals, but they paled before the deeds of the Kelly gang, consisting of the brothers, Edward and Dan Kelly, Steve Hart and Joe Byrne. Ned Kelly, the leader of the gang is not yet twenty-three years of age, and he is the oldest of these four desperadoes, who, up to October, 1878, confined themselves to horse stealing, and "cattle duffing"—that is, in colonial phraseology taking unbranded stock from farms and ranches and branding them as their own. Living in an outlying district among friends and sympathizers, they pursued their career unchecked until about two years ago when a constable sent to arrest Dan and Mrs. Kelly was shot by one of her sons, but escaped with his life. The brothers then took to the bush, where they were joined by Hart and Byrne, and two government parties were detailed to search their supposed haunts. One set of officers, under the charge of Sergeant Kennedy, was surprised by the gang on October 26, 1878, and brutally murdered, with the exception of Constable McIntyre, and a sentence of outlawry was proclaimed against them. On December 9th they appeared from their fastnesses at Euroa, held the town in terror all day and finished by robbing the local bank. They vanished for a time and were supposed to have left the colony, until the following February, when they crossed the border into New South Wales, robbed the bank at Jerilderie, held a drunken orgie and again got away scatheless. Ten thousand dollars each were now offered for their heads by the governments of the two colonies whose laws had been outraged, and the Queensland authorities sent down to Melbourne a party of black trackers, yet not a trace of the outlaws was found until the night of June 26th, when they rode up to the door of Aaron Sherritt, situated seven miles from Beechworth,



JOSEPH H. MORRIS CHIEF OF THE AUBURN FIRE DEPARTMENT, COMMITTED SUICIDE WHILE TEMPORARILY INSANE.—SEE PAGE 5.

and about one hundred and eighty from Melbourne, induced him to come out, and shot him dead at sight. There were at that time four constables in his house concealed for the purpose of arresting these very criminals, and although taunted did not even venture to fire at them. Next day news of the outrage was telegraphed to Melbourne, and the Chief Commissioner of Police was ordered to go by special train and endeavor to arrest the perpetrators; but he, preferring the comforts of his club, sent off a party of police in charge of a subordinate. It may have been well that he did so, as the murderers rode some fifty miles during the night, stopped at the town of Glenrowan, took all the inhabitants to the chief hotel and commenced a drunken spree. They anticipated that the government, hearing of the murder of Sherritt, would send a special train to Beechworth, and chose Glenrowan as the best place to wreck it. Among the persons they had arrested and released when they thought that the train and all in it would be destroyed by removing the rails close to a curve, was a schoolmaster named Curnow, who waited on the rails until 2 A. M., when on hearing the train approach he lit a match behind a red handkerchief, brought it to a standstill, and apprised the intimates of their danger. A constable next appeared and gave the state of affairs.

The police at once made for the hotel, where the outlaws had still some thirty prisoners and were drinking heavily, but on hearing the police approach fired a volley upon them, shooting Inspector Hare through the wrist. The officers of the law then formed a cordon around the house, keeping up a steady fire, which the outlaws returned until day light. In the gray dawn three of the attacking party, discerned what seemed to be a headless figure in white approaching through the timber, firing as it came. Good marksmen fired at short range only to hear their bullets give out a metallic ring, and when the figure, tapping his breast with his revolver, made a similar noise, it struck one one of his assailants that he had on a suit of armor, and firing lower down caused the figure to totter and fall. To rush upon, disarm and remove what proved to be an iron helmet, shaped like the lower end of a stovepipe, was the work of a moment, and the features of Ned Kelly, leader of the gang, was recognized by Sergeant Steele, whose murder Kelly had sworn to accomplish, but who said to the fallen bandit: "I knew I would be at your death." When fairly done the ruffian howled like a maniac, with no less than six bullet holes in his legs and arms, but none in a vital part, as a breastplate made out of ploughshares protected his chest and stomach except at the lower part, which was shielded by a smaller plate hinged on. The



NED KELLY, THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN BUSH-WHACKER.



EDWARD F. SCHROEDER, MURDERER OF DR. LE FEVRE.



MRS. MINNIE SCHROEDER, THE CAUSE OF THE SHOOTING.



ELMER BARTLETT, MURDERER OF SCOTT TRACEWELL AT PARKERSBURG, VA.



AN UNWELCOME GUEST—A WILD CAT DROPS FROM HIS PERCH INTO THE MIDDLE OF A PICNIC REPAST, AND BREAKS UP A SOCIABLE TIME.—SEE PAGE 5.



NED KELLY, THE TERROR OF AUSTRALIA, FACING HIS PURSUERS IN THE ROUGH ARMOR OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE.—[FROM A SKETCH FURNISHED TO THE GAZETTE BY AN AUSTRALIAN ARTIST.]

shoulders were covered by similar plates, and the back protected in a similar manner. The helmet was hinged and had a slit in front, about the eighth of an inch wide, for visual purposes. The armor weighed over one hundred pounds and had no less than twenty-five bullet marks. The leader had escaped the cordon about an hour before and rode away, thinking the other members of the gang would follow, but finding they did not, he returned to rescue or die with them. After his removal to the train, volley after volley was discharged at the house, regardless of the innocent persons who were inside, three of whom were thus sacrificed, and Bryne perished while taking a glass of whisky. About 10 A. M., a white flag was held out, and thirty of the prisoners came out of the hotel, after which the door was closed and hostilities resumed, the police being careful to keep out of harm's reach behind trees. At noon a telegram was sent to Melbourne for a cannon to blow the place down, and while it was in transit the outlaws' fire ceased; still the officers of the law were too careful of their skins to make a rush on the building, though they feared the inmates would escape if the night closed prior to their arrest. Kerosene was procured as evening approached and straw saturated with it being placed against the building it was soon in flames, but not before a brave Roman Catholic priest named Gibney, rushing in, found a dying railway official named Cherry, removed him and gave him the last consolations of his faith, the flames at the time disclosing the dead bodies of Dan Kelly and Hart lying side by side as if they had shot themselves or each other, finding escape hopeless. When the flames were extinguished only the charred trunks of the pair, neither of whom were twenty years old, remained, and by their sides were found two suits of armor similar to that their leader wore. He, the arch fiend of the gang, is now recovering and will expiate his crimes on the scaffold. The cowardice of the police in firing on the building and not assaulting it earlier in the day is commented upon, as three persons' death, apart from the outlaws, lies at their door. To this the only answer is that the officer in charge did not wish to sacrifice the lives of his men.

THE PENALTY

For Outraging Nature—An Abortionist's Victim—Dying Alone, Cursed With the Results of Defying Humanity.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—Some weeks ago a young woman placed herself under the care of Dr. Thomas N. Cream, of 431 West Madison street, who gave her into the charge of a colored nurse, Mrs. Hattie Mackey, living in a rickety old house at 1050 Madison street. The frequent visits of the doctor aroused the suspicions of the occupants of other portions of the house. He came three times a day, and on Monday brought a bundle of instruments wrapped in paper. Between 3 and 4 o'clock yesterday morning, the colored woman Mackey, was seen to leave the place with her three children toward night. A sickening stench came from the rooms she had occupied. The police were notified, and on breaking in the doors a horrible spectacle met their gaze. On the bed lay the body of a young woman, rapidly decomposing. Her face had turned black, the cheeks and neck were swollen and covered with mold, the arms lay across the breast, and the left leg was drawn up and the sheets drenched with blood. From letters found in the room it appeared the woman's name was M. A. M. Faulkner, of Ottawa, Canada.

Obtaining a description of the attending physician, Lieut. Steele went to the drug store of White Brothers, corner of Hayne and Madison streets, and placed Dr. Cream under arrest. Search for the woman Mackey proved unavailing. At the druggist's place was found a note for the doctor, saying the woman was dead, and she (Mrs. Mackey) was going away. Coroner Mann held an inquest, and the evidences of abortion were unmistakable.

A BOLD INTRUDER.

An Unwelcome Guest; and One That Broke up a Feast and Spoiled a Pleasant Time.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A party of friends in the northern part of Pennsylvania recently went on a family picnic, and met with an adventure which all will be likely to remember for a good while to come. They had placed their eatables underneath a large spreading tree, and were doing full justice to the dainty viands spread on the ground, when, "like a flash," a wild-



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

MARION ELMORE, BURLESQUE ACTRESS.

cat that had been prowling around in the branches, lost his hold, and came tumbling down right in the midst of the feast. There was a sudden loss of appetite and some lively scrambling, but as soon as the

male members of the party recovered their senses they dispatched the intruder. All hands were so thoroughly frightened that they adjourned for the day.

The Schroeder-Le Fevre Tragedy.

[With Portraits.]

In a recent issue of the GAZETTE we published an account of the Schroeder-Le Fevre tragedy at Oakland, Cal. The wife of the former became acquainted with Dr. Le Fevre in his capacity as dentist, and the acquaintance led to her seduction by the doctor. Upon the discovery of her sin, Mr. Schroeder visited the office of Le Fevre and shot him dead. All the principals occupied a high social position, and the tragedy has caused a great sensation throughout the state of California. An examination was had shortly after, and Schroeder was held to stand trial for murder in the first degree.

OVERWEIGHTED.

The Gallant Chief of the Auburn (N. Y.) Fire Department Takes His Own Life—A Sad Ending to a Useful Career.

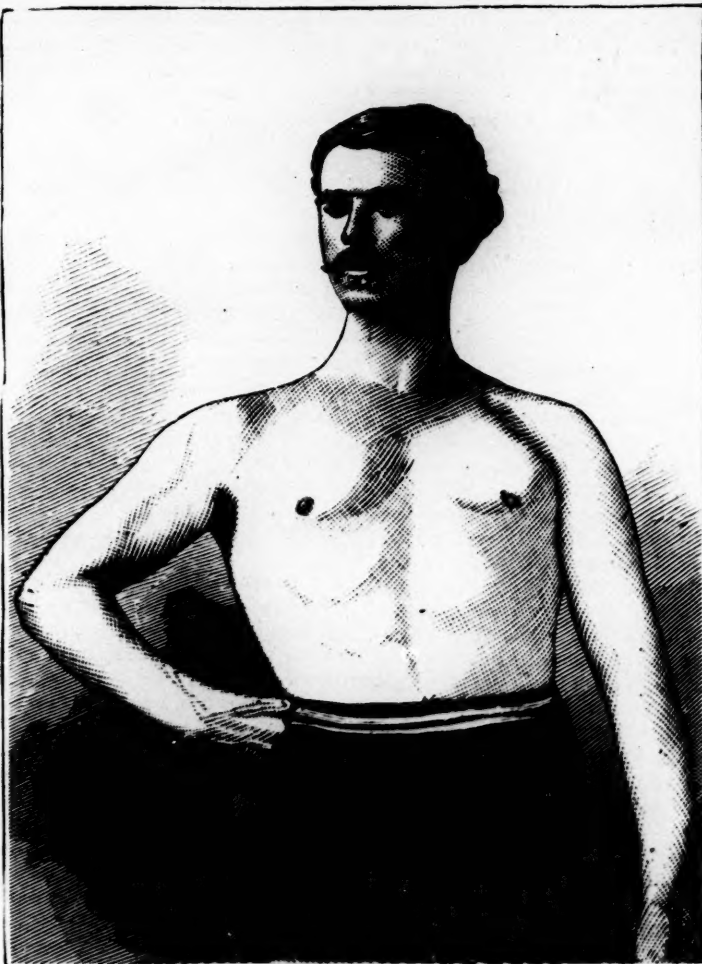
[With Portrait.]

A pall hangs over the pleasant city of Auburn, N. Y. Last week the firemen of that part of the state held a tournament, and right in the midst of the festivities came the sad news that Joseph H. Morris, the chief of the fire department of that city, had committed suicide. Mr. Morris had been very busy in making preparations for the visiting firemen, and on the evening preceding the day on which the parade was to take place appeared nervous and depressed in spirit. But little thought was given to this by his intimate friends, they supposing that he was fatigued from the work necessary to complete all the arrangements. He informed one of his friends—Tom McCrea—that he would spend the night with him. "All right," said his friend; "but you must keep still as I am tired out and want to sleep." For nearly a week Mr. Morris had been unable to sleep, owing to his nervousness, and had walked about the room keeping Mr. McCrea awake. He had also been attacked by paroxysms, during which he would quiver like one attacked with the ague. It was due to the great strain upon his mind consequent upon his duties. Mr. McCrea turned upon his side, and almost instantly sank into slumber. He awoke at about half-past seven, and was surprised to find Mr. Morris absent. His clothing lay upon a table where he had placed them on retiring. Mr. McCrea thought it strange, but did not know but that Mr. Morris had gone to his own room and laid down. He proceeded thither and found the bed undisturbed. Happening to glance into a closet or clothes-press leading from the room, he was startled by the sight of Mr. Morris lying on his face. A hasty examination disclosed his head nearly severed from his body and beside him lay a razor, with which he had taken his own life. He was clad only in his underclothing. Upon the floor was a large pool of blood which had escaped from the gash. It was judged that Mr. Morris must have been dead for about four hours. Mr. Morris could not have uttered a sound, as the windpipe and even the jugular vein were severed. Mr. Morris's excitable motion afterward caused him to lose control of himself. Mr. McCrea was his confidant. The two had known each other for years and were warm friends. Mr. Morris told Mr. McCrea that he feared the parade would be a failure. He seemed to think the entire responsibility rested upon him, and expressed a desire to die and be at rest. Mr. McCrea laughed at him as he heard him make the remark on many occasions when exercised over matters. He considered every mistake or trouble, however slight, his fault. Mr. McCrea states that Mr. Morris was undoubtedly laboring under

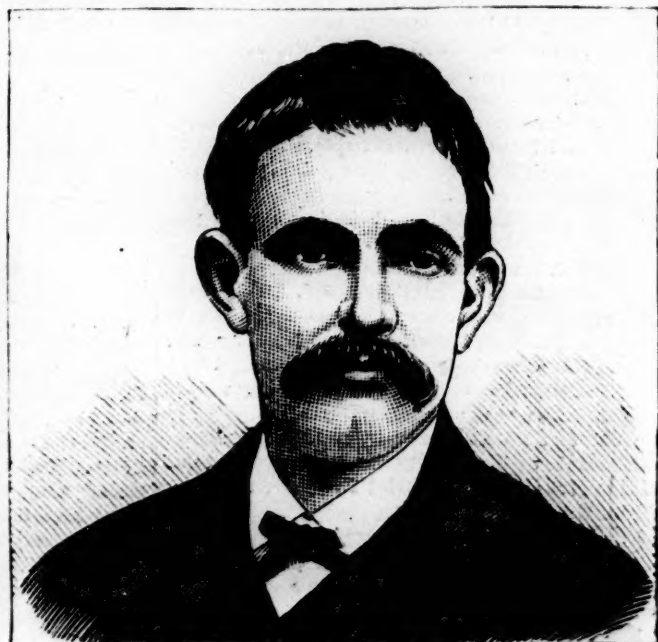
temporary aberration of the mind, and it is but justice to say that this true man and brave fireman was insane when he committed the deed that robbed him of his life. Mr. Morris was about forty years of age, although so temperate had he been in his habits that he looked many years younger. He was serving his seventh term as chief engineer of the Auburn fire department, which is in itself a glowing testimonial to the respect and confidence in which he was held. He entered the fire department some twenty-five years ago as torch-boy in the old Neptune engine company. He steadily advanced to foreman, assistant engineer and finally became chief. It was the intention to elect him president of the State Association at its next meeting. He was very popular among firemen and was known all over the state as one of the most gallant and honorable of the men who strive to save life and property. His death is a matter for much regret. He was "the noblest Roman of them all." Never was the sentence more aptly applied.



ROBERT DONALDSON, PERFORMER OF THE WONDERFUL FEAT OF JUMPING FROM HIGH BRIDGE, 120 FEET.



ERNEST VON SCHOENING, WINNER IN THE GREATEST SWIMMING MATCH ON RECORD.



GEORGE DOBEN, STABBED A RIVAL, AND SENTENCED TO BE HUNG AT CORSICANA, TEX.

A VERY TIGHT FIT,

And a Shape That Didn't Need
Padding. It Was

A LAWYER'S WIFE'S

And Her Husband Filed a Protest to
Her Private Rehearsals
With

A FASCINATING COMEDIAN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Boarding houses are proverbially rich in romances. But the raciest and richest of the sort out yet comes from a well-known theatrical caravansary on Fourth avenue. It may be very appropriately called "a tight fit."

A certain young lawyer here, has for some years been aspiring to a share of the lucrative litigation business which accrues every season in theatrical circles. For this purpose he has become a regular frequenter of theatres, made the acquaintance of theatrical people whenever and wherever he could, and cultivated every opening light as a factor for future gain. The consequence has very naturally been that a number of our fellow-citizens of the thespic order have been made welcome guests at his house, where they have devoured his mutton and put his wine out of sight.

Among these was a young comedian who has lately made a great hit in certain parts of the new style of comic opera. Previous to his launching his talents on this new sea he was juvenile man at a well-known up-town theatre where he was regarded as a champion "mascher." He is a man of intelligence, of polished manners and fine physique.

On the 1st of May the lawyer concluded to put an end to housekeeping, the cares of which were rendering his wife prematurely antique, and to exchange his flat for a suite in a boarding-house. He found one to suit him in the establishment which the comedian inhabited, not only in the matter of apartments but from the fact that he came at mealtime into contact with any number of theatrical people who might at one time or another require his valuable services. He engaged the rooms, located his household goods in them, and went about his daily business as any husband with a regard for his wife and the integrity of his credit, ought.

His business kept him absent from breakfast time until evening, and when he kissed his wife precisely at 9 A. M., every day she did not get a chance to return the favor until somewhere about bed time. It is quite natural that a lady, left to herself in this way, should yearn for congenial associations. We've got to have somebody's ears to pour our confidences into, and if our husbands are too busy, our husband's friends come very handy.

In the present instance Mrs. Coke deluged her confidences on Mr. Bouffe.

And Mr. Bouffe responded with the usual gentlemanly devotion to a woman who makes a confidant of man. He listened to her till his ears ached, and took her to matinees and beer gardens till her life became one rosy scene of dissipation more or less innocent—as circumstances go, probably less.

At the end of his first week in the theatrical boarding-house our legal hero determined to give his wife a treat. He hadn't enough money to send her a \$500 set of ear sparklers by a special messenger; so for lack of precious stones he took an afternoon off and gave her a treat.

At least he intended to.

But when he got home he found the rooms locked up, and not only couldn't give his wife a treat, but couldn't even get in to smoke his favorite pipe.

"These darned women are always shopping," so he thought.

At this juncture he recollected his dramatic friends, in whose rooms pipes and tobacco were always free, and went there to enjoy himself.

Nobody knows if he did or not.

But this is what is known:

On Monday last a gentleman entered the apartments of a well-known and popular actor and found his wife—not in bed.

Oh, no!

But standing in front of the glass admiring herself in a pair of her host's prettiest tights, while he lolled back in a chair cushioned by her regular apparel and critically reviewed her.

"Upon my word, darling, I don't see what you want pads for. They'd simply ruin your shape."

"But, pet, I'm so narrow, here—"

The number of rounds isn't recorded. But to judge from appearances when the fight was over there were almost a million. There is a legal luminary who won't shine for anybody but the chambermaid for a week or two, and a comedian who takes very serious views of life out of a pair of black eyes.

"And this isn't the worst," observes the latter. "She's made up her mind to travel on her shape, and as soon as the divorce is settled I've got to coach her for the stage. Oh, Lord!"

Captured by a Girl.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Emma Yost, a pretty girl eighteen years old, was in the candy store of her mother at 20 Varick street, this city, on Friday night last, when a tramp named Thomas Clark attempted to rob the money

drawer. Miss Yost pluckily seized him and called for help. He struck her squarely in the face with his clinched fist; but, although knocked down by the blow, she held on to him, and he then tried to choke her. While his fingers were yet clasped about her throat Mrs. Yost rushed from a back room and began crying for assistance. Patrolman Kavanagh, of the Fifth precinct, arrested the ruffian, who, in the Tombs court, was held for trial in default of \$1,000 bail.

REAL ROMANCE.

A History With More Prose Than Poetry—Gallivanting Around for Sixteen Years Without Knowing His Origin.

ANDERSON, Ind., August 25.—On a hot July day in summer of 1874, a boy of perhaps fifteen or sixteen years, weary and footsore, was making his way along the dusty highway that passes the farm of Ex-Representative David E. Croan, four miles north of this city. Espying hands at work in a harvest field near by, he timidly approached and asked to work for something to eat. Mr. Croan's son William took him to the house, where his mother gave him a bountiful dinner. Mr. Croan then set him to work, and finding him willing and industrious, employed him to work. The boy could give but little account of himself. The first he remembered of himself was traveling from place to place with his parents, as he supposed them to be, called gypsies. After traveling about for five or six years the family finally settled down near Newcastle, Henry county, this state. There, after enduring innumerable hardships and cruelties, he determined to run away from his wretched surroundings. One evening after receiving a terrible beating from his father he grew desperate, and after dark stole away, going north, and sleeping the latter part of the night near the mounds. The next day he made way to Croan's, and here found a comfortable home for several months. Since that time he has worked for several in the neighborhood; always being economical and saving in his habits, and laying up quite a sum of money.

A few weeks since he determined to go back to Newcastle and visit the home of his former miseries in order to see his sister, to whom he was warmly attached. From his sister, who was much older than him, he heard a wonderful story. She told him his name was not Hiram Britney, as he supposed, but Hiram Triford; that the Britneys had stolen him when he was but six or seven years of age from his mother, a widow, by the name of Triford, living near Angola, in Steuben county, this state. His mother made every effort to find him. The country was scoured; the river was dragged; advertisements were inserted in the newspapers of the day, but all to no avail, and the mother finally gave up the search as hopeless, and settled down to endure as best she could the horrible agony and doubt surrounding her child's disappearance.

From that time on up to three weeks since, a period of sixteen years, no tidings had been received of the lost child. Young Britney or Triford, as we shall hereafter call him, on hearing this strange story from his supposed sister, determined to go to Steuben county at once and fathom the mystery. Arriving there, he inquired for a family of the name of Triford. He was directed to their residence. Knocking at the door, he was admitted and invited to take a seat. This he did, asking numerous questions regarding the surrounding country, the crops, etc., the lady eyeing him closely all the while. Finally he asked:

"Did you not lose a boy some years since?" "Yes," replied the lady, and tears unbidden came to her eyes, "and I would give anything in the world I possess to find him." Another look at the stranger, and with a mother's quick instinct she threw her arms about him, folded him close in her loving arms, saying, "My child, my child! My long lost child, I have found you at last." When the lady had recovered her self-possession sufficiently, the boy's story was told, and his identity established beyond a doubt, one of the strongest proofs being a scar on his face. The news rapidly spread to the neighborhood, and hundreds of persons flocked to see him, and for some time he was the lion of the neighborhood.

Mr. Triford came back to this county a few days ago, settled up his business and returned to Steuben county, hereafter to live with his real mother and sister, from whom he was so long and cruelly separated, and to take charge of his mother's large farm, on which she resides. This is indeed a romance in real life, and we can truly say "the web of life is strangely woven."

KILLED FOR FLIRTING.

A Young Man Murdered by the Brothers of the Lady in the Case.

NEW ORLEANS, August 22.—Edwin C. Mix, Jr., aged 32, was killed on the 20th inst. by the three Derance brothers, Ferdinand, Armand and Henri. The Derances, after being imprisoned, declared that Mix had flirted with their young sister. Although warned he had not desisted, but continued to follow the young lady. Mix, with his brother Franklin, went to-day to the residence of the Derances to explain matters. Both were unarmed. They failed, however, to convince the Derances and when leaving were followed to the street, where two of the brothers opened fire on Edwin C. Mix. He attempted to flee, but was shot down, when Henri, the youngest of the Derance brothers, ran up and stabbed him several times with a dirk. Mix leaves a wife and widowed mother. His brother Franklin, who was present at the killing, was on the 12th inst. married to a daughter of the late General Harry T. Hayes. The Derances are sons of the late Dr. Henry Derance, a prominent physician of this city.

BENNIE and Joe Frick, brothers, 8 and 11 years old, respectively, while playing in a boat on the Susquehanna river at Pittston, Pa., fell overboard and were drowned.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

Jake Zechler's Idea of Humanity—
How He Treated His Lunatic
Brother.

[Subject of Illustration.]

READING, Pa., August 23.—A shocking case of barbarity has just been discovered in this district through the investigations of the Board of Poor directors. A few days ago it was reported to them that a man was receiving cruel and inhuman treatment in the backwoods country, some twenty miles from this city. John H. Bower, James Sallade and J. W. Knorr, of the almshouse, went to the farm of Joseph Zechler, at the foot of the Blue Mountains, and there they found a small hut built of heavy logs. The narrow door was barred on the outside by a heavy piece of oak. The roof was covered with thatch. Under the hut was a rough fireplace, built of boulders. The floor of the hut was of heavy slabs, with wide cracks to admit the heat from the fireplace below. As the officials approached they heard wild shrieks in the hut. Taking down the bar and opening the door, they saw, crouched on a pile of filthy straw, the form of what first seemed to be an animal. When they became accustomed to the darkness inside, they saw that it was the form of a man. He was entirely nude, his gray and shaggy beard extended to his hips, and his hair was long and matted. His skin was black as that of a negro. In the centre of the floor was a heavy iron staple, attached to which was a chain. The other end was clasped tightly about the man's right ankle. The prisoner showed fight, and there was a violent struggle before he could be handcuffed and bound. The chain was heavy and rusty, and it required a blow from a sledge to break it. The man was then carried into the open air. For the first time in twenty-seven years the light of heaven shone upon him. For over a quarter of a century he had occupied that pen.

The prisoner's name is Benjamin Zechler. Thirty years ago he was a robust, hearty man, aged twenty-eight years. He worked on his father's farm in Albany township. One day, while greatly overheated, he jumped into a cool mountain stream to bathe. The sudden plunge into cold water had a bad effect. In time he became demented. Then his father died, leaving his property to his two sons, Jacob and Benjamin. Jacob did not wish to have his brother taken to an insane asylum, so he determined to keep him on the farm. In a few months Benjamin became very violent. Jacob then determined to build the hut at the foot of the mountains, into which Benjamin was placed and chained. For twenty-seven years he was kept there, until the case was reported and inquired into. The hut is in a mountainous backwoods country, which is rarely visited by strangers.

It is believed that he can be cured sufficiently to give the story of his terrible sufferings. His brother claims that he fed him well. This is apparently true, because the lunatic was powerful and it required the strength of four men to overcome him in his filthy cell. This evening the man is reported to be resting well, and he has become quiet and orderly. Jacob Zechler has always been recognized as a peaceful, law-abiding citizen, but the barbarous treatment of his brother has changed public opinion against him. As yet no arrest has been made.

THE DEAN'S TRICK.

The Peddler of Bogus Diplomas a Fugitive Instead of a Suicide—A Bad Citizen for Canada.

DETROIT, Mich., August 24.—Dr. Buchanan of Philadelphia, supposed to have committed suicide, has been a few days, the past week, in Detroit, and not in a watery grave. There is good reason to suppose that he is now in Windsor, Ontario, across the river from here. The following facts have been learned:

A man going by the name of Fairchild, representing himself to be connected with a Cincinnati medical college, came here some time ago, and has since been with Dr. Thomas, a so-called cancer doctor, on Michigan avenue, who was once a barber in Rochester, N. Y., but obtained one of Dr. Buchanan's certificates and has practiced here and elsewhere for a few years. When Fairchild first came here, he, a man named Payne and Dr. Thomas proposed to start an Eclectic Medical College, and sent out circulars to the physicians of the city. This attracted the attention of the State Eclectic Society, who investigated the matter and reported the concern to be a fraud.

This report caused considerable discussion in the local papers, and Dr. Fairchild was not heard from for some time. A physician of this city, who knows Dr. Buchanan well, at that time went to the police here and said Dr. Thomas and Dr. Buchanan, alias Fairchild, were trying to start a medical college here, which would be as bad a fraud as the one in Philadelphia.

A week ago Friday Buchanan was again seen on the street here by a man who addressed him as "Buck," who had known him well. He then said he had assumed a disguise and the name of Fairchild. He has been recognized by a number of other physicians, among whom are Drs. Kennedy and Kaigan, well known gentlemen here. This was before the suicide episode became known, and on Saturday he left for Windsor. Among the men whom he associated with since here, and one who first recognized him is Dr. R. Jennings, veterinary surgeon. A suspicious fact is that Dr. Jennings, when called upon, says he has nothing to say on the subject; that he may know Dr. Buchanan; that he does not wish to have it said that he has seen him; that if any one wishes to know about him they should go to some other physician. He will give no direct answers to any questions. It is known, however, that he met him and spoke to him on the street. The fact is that Dr. Buchanan was

seen by three parties who knew him well and recognized him before it was known he was wanted in Philadelphia, and that Dr. Fairchild, with whom the alleged Fairchild has stayed while here, was once a student and associate in Philadelphia. His sudden disappearance as soon as it was known that the suicide story was suspected; the reticence of his two friends, Dr. Thomas and Dr. Jennings, all make it plain that Dr. Buchanan is not drowned; that his fugitive felon foot has recently trod Michigan soil, and that he is now safe in Canada.

A DAMPHOOL.

Fickle by Name and Foolish by Nature—Ambitious to be a "Literary Feller," and Abusing his Family to Attain the Object of his Desire.

BROWNSON, Ohio, August 23.—The idiosyncrasy of Isaac H. Fickle, a well-known pedagogue of this place, has just ruptured the social status of the neighborhood in a singularly scandalous manner. Isaac is about thirty years of age. He is the son of a wealthy and highly respected farmer here, has a young wife and child, lives like a prince with the old folks on a big farm that is to be all his own some day, and ought to be a consistent and happy man. The wife is a pretty, modest, earnest-hearted little woman, who for several months after her marriage with Fickle seemed to absorb his best attentions; but a few weeks since his mind became worked up in a literary idea, the result of which was the purchase of a small Novelty press and the commencement of work on a proposed monthly magazine to be known as the Madison County Pearl.

He became completely wrapped in the strange influence of his new undertaking. Wife and baby were apparently forgotten, and day and night Isaac toiled and dreamed in one of the big rooms upstairs in an infatuation that was unconsciously wearing great, rough places in the hitherto smooth channel of his domestic life. A few days since there were rumors of domestic infelicity and an impending family earthquake at the Fickle mansion.

A neighbor states that he went over one morning to see the old gentleman, and found Fickle's mother on the back porch holding the baby, while from the interior of the house, and apparently on the stairway, he heard the young wife expostulating and violently sobbing, and Isaac vehemently laying down certain domestic rules that she was to be governed by or leave the place. Among the specifications was one imposing on her the daily task of chopping the stove-wood. He was "working for fame," he said, and "it seemed to him a piece of wanton disrespect and lack of wifely love in her to refuse to break her back in his interests."

That evening Mrs. Fickle, with her baby and a little bundle of clothing, walked to a neighbor's house and staid all night. She says that she has broken herself down chopping wood for Isaac, and on the morning referred to by the neighbor who called had refused to assume his proper labor any longer, and that Isaac, fastening her on the stairway, had sadly misused her on account of her resolution. That evening, she states, Isaac and his mother gave her the bundle of clothing and the baby, telling her to go at once to the station and start for home; they had no use for her if she couldn't cut wood.

The poor little woman was terribly worked up over the affair, and what made the matter worse, the family by some means succeeded in getting the baby away from her before she left for home next morning. She is now with her own family. Isaac has the child, and has just issued the first number of his magazine, the cost of which will be to him, in all likelihood, the price of a good wife. The people of his neighborhood are incensed at his conduct, and the general impression now is that right away there will be a suit brought by the discarded wife for the possession of that blessed baby.

NETTIE'S CHOICE.

A Cousin Finds a Lovely Kinswoman in a Brothel—The Fruits of Being Too Trusting—A Surprise Party.

A very sad case was unearthed in the city court of Milwaukee early in the week. A very beautiful young girl named Nettie Smith, sixteen years of age, handsome in face and form, was arrested on complaint of her mother for disorderly conduct. The judge was asked to sentence her to the girls' reform school, which was done, and the sylph-like creature bitterly bemoaned her sad fate.

Five months since Nettie Smith was the fond daughter of doting parents, well-to-do in worldly goods. With every whim gratified she started out in society, but her first experience was fatal. She met a young fellow named Smith, and school-girl fashion, became desperately enamored of him, probably on account of his name, for the Lord knows the brute has no physical or mental attractions.

She met him clandestinely, and in a few weeks he seduced her and then cruelly deserted her. The cast-off girl ran away from her home and entered a notorious house of prostitution in the fashionable part of the city. Her grief-stricken parents searched high and low for her, but failed, and, in giving up the search, concluded that she had either eloped with Smith or else committed suicide.

A cousin of the missing girl chanced to visit the house where she had been hiding, and, on asking to be shown to the room of one of the inmates, was by mistake shown to that of his cousin. Imagine his sorrow and surprise when he recognized in the almost naked harlot his own cousin, still as beautiful as when he last saw her, the queen of a once happy home. The young man pleaded and begged her to leave the place with him, but to no purpose. She said that she had tasted of sin and its pleasures, and that she intended to lead the life of a courtesan.

All other motives failing to reclaim the lost girl, her parents were compelled to have her arrested, and she is now far away from the sinful resort.

A SENSATIONAL DRAMA

In Three Acts, With a Good Plot
and Startling Situations.

A SUSCEPTIBLE OLD MAN

And a Fickle Young Damsel Play
the Star Characters.

A PROSPECTIVE PLUM FOR LAWYERS.

TOPPEKA, Aug. 22.—The capital of Kansas, like capitals of other states and countries, is subject to startling social events and sweet morsels of delightful scandals for Mrs. Grundy to roll under her tongue. One of the latter has just come to light, in which the Dunns, father and son, dry goods merchants, and a Miss Minnie Cowey, the daughter of a well-to-do mechanic, are the principals, and Dunn's servant girl, the parental Coweys, a justice of the peace, and an older son of Dunn, Sr., are auxiliaries. It seems that Clifford Dunn (the younger son) has been for some time engaged to Miss Kate, an older sister of the unfortunate heroine of this domestic tragical farce; but that Miss Minnie was strongly inclined to centre her affections upon him, notwithstanding. At least such was the impression gathered from the fact that she was constantly at the Dunn residence upon the most flimsy and unsatisfactory excuse. The servant girl was also an admirer of the young man, who, by the way, is a regular "mascher," and not fancying the continual presence of their fair neighbor, conceived the plan of insinuating to her mother that all was not right. This produced the desired result, in so much that the young lady was forbidden to visit at the Dunn mansion; and thus things went smoothly until Mrs. Dunn and Miss Kate Cowey went away to spend the summer.

TROUBLE BEGINS.

No sooner had they gone than Miss Minnie resumed her visits to the store and house much to the disgust of the servant, until it was discovered that it was as much for the father as the son that she graced the house with her presence. The old gentleman was thoroughly enamored, at least to all appearances, and conducted himself in a manner highly amusing to those who knew the situation. They walked together, drove together, and were, in short, together a large proportion of the time, but of this the girl's parents knew nothing, although they suspected Clifford and she of rather close companionship. The cloud which overhung the two houses did not burst, however, until Friday, when the young lady went to the Dunn's telling her mother she was going to another neighbors. It was late breakfast time, and the young Lothario was in the act of taking that meal when she arrived. The meal concluded, he stepped into an adjoining room to change his linen, and she went to the front of the house. A youthful scion of the house of Cowey happened to pass that way espied his sister on forbidden ground, and, urchin like, ran to his mother with the story. The old lady immediately donned her war paint and feathers and started for Dunn's. As ill-luck would have it the young man had just accomplished the change desired, but had not fully attired himself, when the young lady burst into the room saying her mother was coming and she wanted to hide.

TROUBLE CONTINUES.

A hasty scramble behind the door on her part and the assumption of a vest with the collar pointing toward his heels, was all that could be accomplished before the parental Cowey marched into the room like a ship in full sail. She took the young man by the neck and planted him, none too gently, in a large chair and proceeded to exercise her muscle upon his unprotected head with four pounds of roast beef intended for the family dinner. During the melee the girl escaped and was not seen by her parents again until the following day. The old gentleman was sent for, but pending his arrival young Dunn escaped and went to the store, while the old people went to Justice Reed's office and attempted to swear out a warrant against him for abduction, seduction or any other crime known to the law that would secure them revenge. The justice very properly refused to issue the warrant, but agreed that if the girl was not found before night he would sleep with the young man himself to insure against a meeting of the young folks, and the girl failing to appear he fulfilled his contract, although the old man and the supposed seducer of his daughter had a short fracas during the early part of the evening, in which the old gentleman got the worst of it.

THE TROUBLE LULLED.

Saturday morning the girl returned, having been at a neighbor's during the day and night, and after a conversation with her the old folks were more inclined to charge the wrong, if any has been done, upon the father than upon the son.

Cowey has been arrested upon a warrant sworn out by Dunn, charging him with assault and battery.

Public opinion is with the young lady and the young man, as it is not believed that they have at any time acted in a way to deserve the opprobrium hurled at them by her injured parents. The girl has evidently been imprudent, so far as he is concerned, and nothing more. As to Dunn, Sr., the verdict seems to be equally divided.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' SET.

Immorality Among the Nobs of British Society—Something for Social Reformers to Ponder Over.

A London correspondent of the Pittsburgh Telegraph has struck a mine of scandal in that city, and thus works it up for his paper:

As a fair specimen of social depravity in what is called "the Prince of Wales' set," just take the case of Mrs. Buller. Who is Mrs. Buller? A butterfly, to sure, but a butterfly with a method in her madness, and one who, albeit her wings are unseemingly tarnished, was seen in a public place the other day walking about on the arm of the Prince of Wales. But let's to her history as related in the courts: Mrs. Buller, which her maiden name is Catharine Louisa Rigley, began her public career by running away from Lieutenant Kingscote, her first husband, with a well-known cricketer and athlete, formerly of the Second Life Guards, Captain Charles Francis Buller. The injured husband promptly sued for a divorce, and upon the decree being made absolute, Mrs. Kingscote became Mrs. Buller. However, the crack cricketer proved not only tyrant, but faithless, and last November his wife obtained a decree nisi on the ground of cruelty, and also adultery with Miss Alma Stanley, a burlesque actress, who is said to be going to America with her troupe, headed by Mme. Selina Dolaro. And this brings us to Miss Alma Stanley, whose testimony was of the most unblushing character, and who has since formed an alliance with a young gentleman who is considered the most "beautiful" of English actors; he, too, is married—but no matter! You will say already that this is very much mixed; but wait, that's all. This week the Queen's proctor intervened to prevent the decree nisi obtained by Mrs. Buller from being made absolute, alleging that material facts had been suppressed from the knowledge of the court, and that the petitioner herself had committed adultery with Lord Marcus Beresford and Mr. Herbert Flower, whereby she was not entitled to the relief which she prayed. The accused parties answered, denying the charge.

The Queen's proctor endeavored to set forth that Mrs. Buller had, during the time of her married life, been guilty on several occasions, and with more than one individual. Six years ago she and Captain Buller went, during the autumn, to Burcot, Leighton Buzzard, where was a hunting-box belonging to Cyril Flower, M. P.; the brother of Mr. Herbert Flower, whose conduct with Mrs. Buller is now under consideration. Not only was it proven to the satisfaction of the jury that she and Mr. Herbert Flower were guilty there, as well as in London, and at Rivermead, Sunbury-on-Thames, but that Mrs. Buller was in the habit of constantly visiting Lord Marcus Beresford, who resided at 10 Victoria square, Piccadilly, and dining alone with him; that she came to the house day after day and stayed with him until a late hour of the night, and that letters passed between them. The counsel was in possession of the facts with regard to others whose names were of course known to his learned friends on the other side, but he did not desire to mention them unless it was essential. This referred to Lord Dupplin (lately mentioned as the possible fiancée of Miss Vanderbilt, or at least an aspirant for her hand), and to Colonel Vivian; probably, too, to an even more exalted personage. And it is a remarkable fact that Lady Dupplin, divorced on the ground of her misconduct with Mr. Herbert Flower, has since become the wife of that gentleman.

So here we have a pretty mess in "the Prince of Wales' set." Mrs. Buller, guilty as Mrs. Kingscote with Captain Buller, and now found guilty with Mr. Herbert Flower; Lady Dupplin (now Mrs. Flower) guilty with Herbert Flower, and therefore divorced from Lord Dupplin, in turn accused with Mrs. Buller, and Captain Buller guilty with Alma Stanley. Much of the evidence in the present case was given by servants, and from their tale we learned that Lord Marcus Beresford was familiarly termed "Marky," that Mr. Herbert Flower was called "My Dolly," just as Lady Gay Spanker dubs her little man, and that there was kissing to be seen in the drawing-room by domestics who had their eyes about them. One indignant housemaid deposed she left the Bullers' service on account of "a misunderstanding;" the gallant captain had tried to kiss her when she took up his hot water. The counsel for the defense did his best; he admitted that Mrs. Buller had been indiscreet, but would allow nothing more. The captain and his wife belonged to a sporting set; she was fond of hunting and he of athletic sports, and their friends had congenial tastes. Mr. Herbert Flower was not only a friend of the captain's, but was a young man barely of age at the time material to this inquiry. As for Mrs. Buller, she denied everything, even to the kissing, and could not remember anything at all—poor, weak woman. She characterized the servants who had testified to certain incidents as thieves, whom she had discharged from her service. The jury were out but five minutes, when they brought in a verdict that Mrs. Buller was guilty with Mr. Herbert Flower, but not with Lord Marcus Beresford.

A RED-HEADED LOVE STORY.

How a Bottle of Hair-Dye Changed the Course of a Young Man's Life—A Truthful Romance.

One of the leading young members of the Chicago Board of Trade, on account of his being red-headed, has for two remarkable hot seasons, staggered under the burden of supplying with ice cream a lovely West Side girl, recently resolved to learn just how much margin he had in the deal, and accordingly, one summer night, after he had cooled down his idol with frozen corn starch at an expense of forty-five cents, asked her if she would be his. With a far-away, West Washington street look in her eyes, she said it couldn't be done, but when pressed for an explanation only wept hysterically and asked to be taken home. This reasonable request was at once

complied with, after which the young speculator went away sorrowing, for he had always supposed Beatrice was, "a little gone on him," and the industry displayed by her in the destruction of ice cream was of a character that had led him to believe that at the top end of a broom her domestic services would be invaluable. The next day he received a note in a well-known handwriting. It was from his had-been-expected-to-be-father-in-law, and simply stated that in consequence of his daughter's peculiar nervous temperament an eminent physician had several years ago ordered that under no circumstances should a light be left burning in the room where she slept. "In view of the fact," the letter continued, "you will readily see that unless your hair is dyed an alliance of a matrimonial character is out of the question." With a bottle of hair-paint in one hand and his heart full of love the young man boarded a West Side car the following evening, and ere the vespers bells had ceased their solemn chime was engaged.

BREAKING UP A GANG.

A Series of Daring Robberies Checked by a Lucky Capture—Heavy Hauls by Heavy Villains.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., August 24.—For more than a year past the citizens in the rural districts of southeastern Pennsylvania have been disturbed by the persistent operations of a band of thieves whose modus operandi have been such as to leave no doubt that the same party were engaged in the different robberies. Their operations have extended through five counties, but have been confined principally to the lines of the East Pennsylvania and Lebanon Valley Railroad. For six months past a number of robberies and intended robberies occurred along the border of Berks and Lehigh counties.

The most important of these operations was the robbery of a wealthy farmer, named Daniel Kern, in this county, on the night of the 17th of July last, and the robbery of the postoffice at Fleetwood, Berks county, about ten days ago. By the former robbery the thieves secured \$1,700 in Government bonds, \$1,500 in other securities and about \$500 in cash. By the Fleetwood robbery they secured between \$800 and \$1,000. The frequency of these robberies and the perturbed state of the community led to the greatest vigilance on the part of the police officials, and several detectives were employed.

At the hearing this morning, which took place in the county prison before Mayor Morton, beginning at 10:30 o'clock, Uhlman made a startling confession, showing his connection with the masked burglars. Uhlman is about fifty years of age, and has long been known to be a man of bad character. The evidence indicated Morton to be the leader of the gang. Uhlman testified to his personal acquaintance with Morton, M. Jubel, and Wilson met Morton frequently and had conversations with him in reference to robbing old Kern. Morton came to Slatington from Philadelphia on several occasions for the purpose of conferring with witness. At one time last spring Uhlman and the men started off for Kern's residence on a dark, rainy night, through the mud, walking a distance of seven miles. They lost the road several times, and finally, when they reached a cross-road about five hundred yards from Kern's house, Uhlman directed his companions to proceed to the building, and then halted. He had not seen any more of them that night, except the firing of revolvers, and returned to Slatington at 1 o'clock. He saw no more of the burglars until Thursday, July 18th, two days before the robbery was finally consummated. Morton, the leader of the masked burglars, met witness at Ringler's Hotel in Slatington. He spoke about the attempt to rob the Kern family.

The evidence having been concluded, the prisoners were held in the sum of \$5,000 each for their appearance in court. Abraham J. Schlosser, who had been arrested in Somerset county as an accessory, and John R. Ehrige were each held on their own recognizance for their appearance in court. Uhlman has been held as a witness. The arrest of these masked robbers has excited the utmost interest in eastern Pennsylvania. The officers have information which points to the perpetrators of the robbery of Dr. Hunt's house at Glengardner on the night of Tuesday August 10, when \$35,000 were stolen. Their connection with the Fleetwood postoffice robbery has been fully established, and it is believed that they are the same gang who robbed the postoffice at Pottstown, Montgomery county, and Columbia, in Lancaster county; also the same who cracked a safe at Annville, Lebanon county, and robbed the railroad depot at Heilmannville, in the same county. Special Agent Barrett of the Post office Department, has information which it is believed will connect this gang of masked burglars with a number of postoffice robberies that have occurred within six months past in Pennsylvania, and the arrest of these men is regarded as one of the most important which has been made in a number of years.

A BAD MEETING.

A Husband Shoots His Wife While the Latter is Waiting per Appointment for a Gay Old Citizen.

Cincinnati is enjoying a real sensation and social scandal, in which a citizen of West Covington tracked his wife on her way to meet another man, and shot at her twice, one shot taking slight effect. The sensational part of the affair is that the Lothario in the case is A. M. H. Crane, of the firm of Crane, Breed & Co., coffin manufacturers of the West End, and a most prominent citizen. The woman is Mrs. Lou Snell, wife of John C. Snell, a liquor dealer of Covington. Snell found a letter written by Crane to Mrs. Snell, requesting her to meet him at Price's hill. Snell had suspected his wife for some time, but could prove no infidelity against her or discover who the seducer was until the unlucky letter fell into his hands. He then employed a detective named Gross to track her, and the trail was taken up when she left home, came to Cincinnati and boarded an Eighth street car for Price's

hill. Gross boarded the same car, while Snell followed at a distance in a buggy. When Mrs. Snell reached the foot of the incline she discovered that her paramour had not yet got there, and began walking about to await his coming. Meanwhile Snell had driven up, and just as he dismounted his guilty wife saw him and started to run. He followed, drew a pistol and fired two shots. One missed, but the other took effect in her right shoulder, producing a slight flesh wound. Snell cocked his pistol for a third shot, but could not pull down the hammer, though he used both hands. Some men who were near by shouted to the frightened woman to run into a grocery near by, which she did, and the men covered her retreat. Snell then got into his buggy and drove away. He went to his mother-in-law's house, and, throwing the pistol down before her, said: "There's my pistol I've shot Lou. You can find your daughter at Price's hill." The daughter was brought to her mother's house a little later, very much prostrated by fright, and afterward sent to the hospital. She tried to deny any criminality, and told a very contradictory story about going there to meet a man who owed her rent. Enough of Crane's letters have, the husband claims, been found to prove the assassinations. Mrs. Snell is a handsome, black-eyed woman of thirty years, and has no children. Mr. Crane has for some time had the reputation of being somewhat too attentive to other people's wives. He is about sixty years old.

THE BOSTON GIRL.

An Animated Lump of Hypocrisy, Who Affects the Heavenly but is of the Earth, Earthy, Just Like the Rest of the World.

A lady who is now visiting Boston, and whose eyes and ears are always open to new and strange sights and sounds, thus records the impression made upon her by the typical young woman of that city:

The Boston girl leads a complicated life. She is "devoted to art." She is a woman of "designs," but she puts them all on canvas. She talks to you about "studies" and shapes, and the new designs she is putting on the "blisuit." She walks Commonwealth avenue wrapped in visions. She is as inaccessible as a mermaid when you fondly imagine her meditations are solely on the brilliancy of the last remark with which her presence has inspired you, she is really occupied with her secret cogitations upon that lovely, iridescent pitcher, and wondering if any potter would throw her that particular shade in native clay.

The Boston girl carves stately mantels and alluring cabinets; she models of mornings, and shows marvelous skill in portrait busts; she haunts the artists' studios; she frequents the Museum of Fine Arts and spends much time in the Athenaeum, and is a devotee of the Loan Exhibitions.

She is a born Transcendentalist. Incongruous as it may seem, she is also an energetic diffuser of useful knowledge; an humble follower of Eastlake; a fervent disciple of Herbert Spencer and an eloquent advocate for Woman's Suffrage. With an air of resignation she informs you that it is not that she particularly cares to vote, but that she has a solemn conviction that it is her duty. This fair Melusina never misses a lecture upon Art. She revels in ancient autotypes and etchings; she talks learnedly to you of Michael Angelo's "Fates" and the different interpretations of the Transfiguration. And the latest innovation of this fair saint is that she turns her boudoir into an oratory, and before an elegantly carved prie-dieu she kneels gracefully and presents her petitions in the most faultless of modern classic. For a being of refined taste and elegant culture is she—the fair Boston girl!

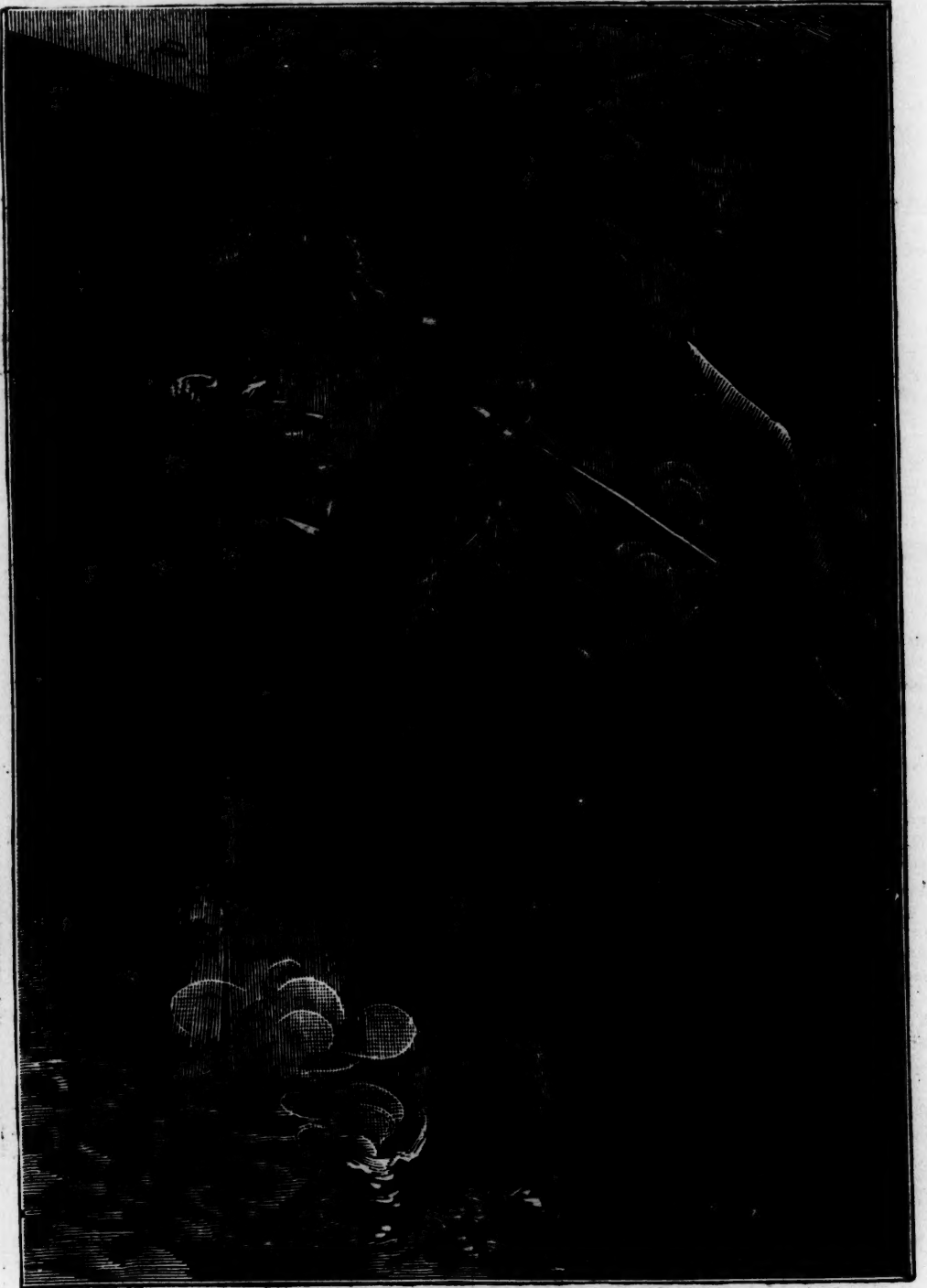
MARRIED A HARLOT.

The Disgrace Which a Father Brought on His Family—A Rude Reception of a Step-Mother.

Social circles in Frankfort, Ky., were greatly excited a few days ago over the appearance of Mollie Taylor, a notorious Louisville courtesan, who several months ago was married to Mr. Hiram Berry, of the firm of W. A. Gaines & Co., the largest distillers in Kentucky. The marriage was consummated at Louisville, and a separation immediately ensued. Mr. Berry's friends contending that he was in mental disorder and had been ensnared by the woman while so deranged. Mollie came on the 9 A. M. train, and about 10 o'clock went over the elegant residence of Mr. Berry, in South Frankfort, where she was very roughly received and ordered out of the house—Mr. Berry not being at home. Refusing to go she was seized and kicked out of the house and grounds by Mr. George F. Berry, the oldest son. Her face was badly bruised, and she was bleeding freely when the policemen arrived. She was taken to the Capitol Hotel, whence she telegraphed to her lawyer and physician at Louisville. She also sent for the Catholic priest, saying she believed she could not live, as several of her ribs were broken. Mr. Berry has a large family of grown sons and daughters, who are in society and highly respected, and much sympathy is felt for them on account of their father's disgrace. The woman states that she has letters of a very recent date from Mr. Berry urging her "to come to his home and to his arms." She says that she is his lawful wife, and is entitled by law to go wherever he goes, and she will do it as long as she lives. He has paid her thousands of dollars, both before and since the marriage, and his friends have tried every way to buy her off, but nothing short of flying with him as his wife will satisfy her. It is feared that Berry will be completely ruined and forced to leave the firm, which is one of the richest and best in the state. The partnership contract only extends until September, the practice having been to renew every two years. If the woman's injuries are as bad as she thinks, it will be a serious matter for Mr. George F. Berry, who is one of the most popular men in the city.



A FORLORN OLD WIDOWER GOES ON A SPARKING EXPEDITION, CHASES THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTION ROUND THE WOODPILE, AND WINS A BRIDE ON A NEW PLAN OF COURTSHIP; MILLVILLE, CAL.—SEE PAGE 3.



AN OVER-ZEALOUS OFFICER BECOMES THE VICTIM OF A GHASTLY PRACTICAL JOKE—A DISCOVERY THAT EXCITED HORROR AND THEN DISGUST; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 10.



GETTING SHAVED UNDER DIFFICULTIES—SCENES AROUND A GYPSY CAMP NEAR YOUNGSTOWN, O.—A LIFE PARTNER WHO MAKES HERSELF USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.—SEE PAGE 11.



2:11½--HOW MAUD S. AND ST. JULIEN'S RECORDS CAN BE BEATEN.



A TRAMP ENTERS A CONFECTIONERY STORE FOR THE PURPOSE OF ROB-
BING IT, AND IS FRUSTRATED IN HIS PURPOSE BY THE GALLANTRY
OF THE YOUNG LADY ATTENDANT; NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 6



BAD FOR THE PARSON'S HEADGEAR—AN IRATE SISTER EASES HER FEEL-
INGS BY HAMMERING HER DEAR PASTOR'S HAT WITH HER PARASOL;
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 10.

A TOUGH GIRL.

Cora Cummings' Adventures as a Horse Thief and Burglar.

Cora Cummings, 18 years old, says the Worcester Spy, who escaped from the Lancaster industrial school three weeks ago, and stole a team from Luther Cheney of Clinton to bring her to Worcester, was captured by Officer Colby on Union Hill yesterday morning. She has been in the city since her escape, leading a dissolute life, and has committed one burglary which will probably give her a continuous home for a long time to come. She says when she left Lancaster she escaped from the "black hole" in the industrial school, into which she had been placed for punishment, squeezing herself through an opening only eight inches wide to do so. She secreted herself in the chapel until evening and then jumped from a window ten feet from the ground. On the road to Clinton she found Mr. Cheney's team in front of a house, and, getting into the carriage, drove to Fitchburg. Not liking the appearance of the city she took another road and drove to Worcester, arriving here Tuesday afternoon. She took things easy on the road, so as not to excite suspicion, feeding the horse by the roadside. After abandoning the team on West street she made her rendezvous on the east side of the city. She worked a few days at Z. A. Hubley's in Bigelow's court, and for three days week before last, did housework for Mrs. S. D. Barrett, No. 8 Gold street. She was discharged Friday evening, and, knowing that Mrs. Barrett was to be away from home Sunday, she fixed one of the windows before leaving, so that she could enter the house if she wished. Sunday night at 11 o'clock she broke into the house through the window she had tampered with, and carried away \$100 worth of goods, including a nice lace shawl that cost \$50, a dress and circular, one pair of bracelets, a plated watch, and several articles of wearing apparel. She took her time in the house, and remained until 4 o'clock in the morning, though there was a family upstairs. Last week she slept in sheds and barns most of the time. She was "spotted" on Union Hill, and, yesterday, Officer Colby being notified of her whereabouts, captured her as she was starting off for a day's tramp in the woods south of Winthrop street. The stolen goods were found in her possession, the lace shawl being almost worthless. She changed her clothing after leaving Lancaster, and the description given of her by the school officials did not correspond with the girl as found by the police. She belongs in Lowell.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

The Lucky or Unlucky (as You Like it) Mistake of a Would-be Self Murderer.

It is but seldom that the comic element enters into attempts at suicide. So grim and desperate is the resolve prompting the life-weary to cut the silver cord and break the golden bowl that the mere effort towards self-destruction, even when it proves abortive, almost invariably exempts the perpetrator from ridicule. A diverting exception to this general rule is afforded by the suicidal enterprise of a Hungarian engineer, resident at Temesvar, who, being a steadfast votary of Bacchus, had drunk himself into so unsatisfactory state of mind that, a few days ago, he determined to put an end to his existence. Having provided himself with a pistol, and locked himself up in a private room of an hotel in the town, which apartment he had specially hired for the purpose, he pressed the muzzle of the weapon against his left breast and pulled the trigger. The usual explosion followed, and the would-be suicide fell to the ground, where he lay patiently for several minutes, waiting for death. Dissolution, however, failing to set in as promptly as he had expected, he presently arose, left the hotel, and walked home, with a view to dying comfortably in his own apartment. A little later on, perplexed by his unaccountable vitality, he sent for a surgeon to examine the wound. Beyond a slight scorching of the skin, no injury could be detected; and, whilst the surgeon was vainly searching for a mortal hurt, his patient anxiously inquired "where the bullet had lodged?" "I fancy," was the reply, "that you must have forgotten to put it into the pistol." "Give me my waistcoat," ejaculated the intended self-slayer; and sure enough, safely ensconced in the watch-pocket of that garment, was found the missile with which he had designed to extinguish his vital spark. Since this discovery he has quitted Temesvar, in which town he found that his rash attempt to kill himself with a charge of powder and a wad had rendered him the object of more public notice, attended by untrollable hilarity, than was altogether agreeable to him.

JOKING AT SING SING.

Making Up a Loss in a Ludicrous Manner.

An amusing practical joke was perpetrated in Sing Sing prison a few days ago. The head bookkeeper in the office of the Bay State shoe and leather contract being about to leave, Mr. Penn Watson, one of the superintendents, made application to Keeper Bowes to have H. B. Branscom, the forger, recently convicted, placed on the contract, so that he might take the bookkeeper's place. He urged the principal keeper to promise that he should have him when he arrived, but that official would not do so, saying he wished to know something of the man before he was placed on any contract. These solicitations were, however, kept up by Mr. Watson several days before Branscom arrived. When he finally came to the prison, Mr. Bowes was surprised to see that he had lost his right arm; but, remembering Mr. Watson's eagerness to get him for a bookkeeper, he at once sent him to that gentleman's office. Mr. Watson was no less surprised than Mr. Bowes when he saw the condition of his expected bookkeeper, and immediately sent to the prin-

cipal keeper's office a request for the rest of Convict Branscom. The keeper replied that he had sent already as much of him as Judge Gildersleeve had yet forwarded, and to that much he was welcome. At the prison there is a convict who is something of an artist, and in his leisure hours he makes plants, flowers, etc., out of dough. He learned in some way of the above transaction, and in a short time had made, out of dough, an arm with hand, fingers and finger nails, so well executed that at first it was hard to believe that it was not flesh and bone. This was placed in Keeper Bowes's office, "with the compliments of Judge Gildersleeve," as the missing arm of Branscom. The keeper appreciated the joke at once, and had it forthwith taken to Mr. Watson's office, "hoping that gentleman would now acknowledge that he had the whole of Branscom."

BRAVE OFFICER DOKEL.

Gallantly Rescuing a Sawdust Man From a Horrible Death.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In the northeast corner of the Eleventh precinct, and almost on the boundary line of the Thirteenth, is a collection of tenement houses known as the "Farm." How it came to get this name is not generally known, but it is thought it was acquired from the continual increase of the population. The gamins in the neighborhood have a custom of giving every new policeman who receives it for a post a "celebration." Officer Dokel was sent there on Thursday night last for the first time in three years. The circumstance did not escape the notice of the youngsters.

About 10 o'clock, as the officer reached the corner of Rivington and Suffolk streets, he saw a large crowd gathered in front of 136 Suffolk street, at one side of which is a narrow alley. The crowd was illumined by a glare of fire from the alley, toward which the attention of the crowd was directed. Shouts, curses and threats were plainly heard. Officer Dokel thinking something was amiss, walked toward the place. Just the cry of "help! murder!" arose. Then came a howl of derisive laughter.

The officer rushed toward the alley, throwing the crowd aside like chaff before the wind. Sparks and smoke filled the air. The mob howled and derided, but unmindful of the uproar the officer reached the alley. The sight within almost curdled his blood. From a cross beam was suspended the apparently lifeless body of a man shabbily attired. Beneath the rude gibbet a roaring fire blazed, the flames licking the man's feet. With a bound Officer Dokel reached the spot. A kick scattered the fire, and he caught and tugged at the rope; he pulled in vain. Making one frantic jerk at the rope he slipped, and in falling caught at the burning man to save himself. To his horror it crumbled at his touch. A heap of clothes and sawdust at his feet told the tale. He looked at the crowd, but it had silently disappeared. A moment later the clothes and sawdust were scattered, and Officer Dokel sadly returned to his beat.

A FEMALE WEAPON.

The Rev. Dr. Halsey Fleeing From a Woman's Fury—A Brooklyn Parson in a Go-as-You-Please.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Jane Bedell, a resident of Park avenue, is called upon to answer for assaulting the Rev. Lemuel P. Halsey, pastor of the Franklin Avenue Presbyterian Church, in Franklin avenue, Brooklyn. Mrs. Bedell is the wife of a car driver, and was a member of Mr. Halsey's church, but evidently took offense at something he had said, and imagined that she had cause to resent something.

Meeting him in the street, she rushed up to him and began beating him over the head and face with her parasol. The Reverend gentleman is a large and powerful man, and, catching hold of the parasol, stopped the blows for a time, but the moment he let go she renewed the assault, and he fled. He said he thought that the woman had lost her reason, as he had not been guilty of anything to warrant such a proceeding.

The following day he went to Justice Courtney and obtained a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Bedell. She was arrested and the case was adjourned over to August 16th. Mrs. Bedell told Judge Courtney that she had a provocation for the assault. That he assaulted her about three years ago in his study, and she wanted to know if she could not have a warrant for his arrest. The judge thought that too long time had elapsed since the alleged assault, and he refused to give her a warrant. The case was again called on the 15th, but was adjourned over another month.

What evidence Mrs. Bedell will put in, in investigation of her action, it is difficult to say. Mr. Halsey says he don't know what defence she can offer. The clergyman resides with his family at 386 Green avenue, and is well known in Brooklyn, being one of the most able men in the Brooklyn presbytery. At the time of the trial of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, on charges of deceit and falsehood, he was one of Mr. Talmage's staunch supporters, and there is a strong friendship between them.

A Long Swim.

[With Portrait.]

The contest between Von Schoening and Werhan on the 22d inst. resulted in the triumph of the former, by swimming from the Battery to Coney Island and back, a distance of twenty-five miles, in nine miles. This achievement is notable as being the longest swim without artificial aids ever made in America. In point of distance this exploit about equals that of Captain Webb in swimming across the British channel. In point of speed this is far ahead of that exploit, as the English champion was in the water over thirty-six hours. Taking into account the action of the tides and currents on the two occasions, this performance was one of the most notable on record.

JUMPING FROM HIGH BRIDGE.

Donaldson Jumps Into the Harlem River and Accomplishes the Greatest Jump on Record.

[With Portrait.]

Robert Donaldson, a young Scotchman, jumped from the center of High Bridge a few days ago, a distance of one hundred and twenty-six feet, and landed in the Harlem River in safety.

Long before the time announced for the performance crowds of people flocked in from every quarter, and took up every available position where a good view of the starting leap could be gained.

At 6:55 o'clock Donaldson was seen to walk rapidly across the bridge, and directly behind him came a youth with an overcoat on his arm. They passed along until the middle of the bridge was reached, when they paused over the center archway. Taking off his coat, the man handed it to the boy, and springing over the rail, stood before the numerous and curious spectators.

He waved his arms around his head, and, drawing a handkerchief, held it forth to the breeze. This seemed to be the signal of readiness, for in another moment whistles from passing steamers screamed forth, and the crowd below cheered loudly. Suddenly there was a lull, and for a moment each person held his breath, with eyes anxiously fixed on the almost naked figure on the bridge. Donaldson returned the handkerchief to his companion, and facing the multitude he once more stood erect. He seemed at first to hesitate about taking the fearful plunge, but in a moment he was seen to spring out into the open air and rapidly descend like a ball to the river below. His legs he held tight together, while his arms he used like the flapping of a bird's wings until he reached within twenty feet of the water. Then he drew his arms suddenly close to his breast, his head inclined forward, and he struck the water almost in a stooping position.

Anxious eyes scanned the surface of the water for his reappearance, and in about thirty seconds he was seen to rise and swim for the shore. A boat picked him up, and numerous friends bore him bodily to the hotel, where medical gentlemen were in attendance. Donaldson is twenty-four years of age and of splendid physique. When seventeen years of age he jumped off Sunderland bridge in England, a distance of over seventy feet. Donaldson attempted the feat for a voluntary contribution, but the High Bridge hotel people, after he succeeded, failed to keep their promise. Donaldson says he is ready to jump from any bridge over smooth water in America for \$500.

He can always be found at Johnnie Hampson's saloon, 46 W. Third street, and people who delight in perilous feats will always find him there, ready to gratify their desires. Donaldson is confident of his ability to jump from the East River bridge, and says that he will probably do it before he is through with the high-jumping business.

MRS. TRICE'S DIVORCE SUIT.

The Whilom Wife of an African Prince in a Brooklyn Court.

In the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, a divorce suit has been brought, the progress of which will doubtless be watched with great interest by the colored American population of African descent. Mrs. Rosanna Trice, brunette, sues for divorce from Charles Trice. For a defense, Trice says that at the time the plaintiff married him she was the wife of Albert Agamon, an African prince. In 1865 the Prince forsook his native wilds and visited Brooklyn. The Prince became a Christian and was licensed to preach. When not engaged in preaching the noble foreigner gave himself up to the pleasures of art. It is said that his royal mibe handled the brush with the skill of an old master, and even at this late day his employers point with pride to the whitewashed walls adorned by his noble hands.

It is said that he married the present Mrs. Trice, but after the birth of a child suddenly determined to return to his native land for the purpose of initiating his old friends into the mysteries of the Order of Full Moons. With a stout heart, and trusting in the efficacy of several razors which he carried about his person, the Prince set sail for Africa. Since Agamon's departure his Brooklyn friends have not heard from him direct; but the steady demand for razors made by his tribe since he left America is regarded as positive evidence that the Prince is rapidly converting his people to the ways of civilization and is building up the Order of Full Moons. Mrs. Trice says that she believed the Prince was dead when she was married to Mr. Trice.

The case has been referred to Counselor J. W. Sanderson to take testimony and report with an opinion.

ROTHERT'S WRATH

And How He Expended it on a Man Who Was in a Place Where He Had no Business.

A Mr. Rotherth of Cincinnati, O., is a mild-mannered man, and if he has been a little jealous of his wife, maybe he had cause. He came home one day and found things disarranged in his apartments, and asked his wife who'd been there. She said nobody. Rotherth got a hatchet and looked around to be better satisfied. Behind a door, in a back room, he found a man quaking with fear. Rotherth brandished the hatchet under the strange man's nose, and said, "I don't know who you are, or what you are here for, but if I ever catch you here again I'll cut you all to pieces—now you fit." The man got out. The other day Rotherth came home again at an unusual time and found the same man in company with Mrs. Rotherth. This time the husband did not have a hatchet but he waded into the stranger and mauled him out of all shape or possibility of recognition by his

friends. He did not leave the interloper a square inch of whole skin. Rotherth had expended his wrath and strength, he kicked the fellow into the street, where he was found by the police all bruised and cut and bleeding. He at first refused to tell about the man he had been whipping, and what for, but after it was necessary to send him to the hospital to be mended and patched up he said his name was Lillie, and told about his adventure with Rotherth.

THE SAME OLD WAY

But With a Little more Nonsense than is Usual in Well-Regulated Families—The Silver Spoon Discounted.

No sooner does a Spanish Prince or Princess of the Blood Royal condescend to be born than the august "little stranger" is called upon to play a conspicuous part in Court ceremonials of a very solemn and fatiguing character. The programme of action to be observed on such occasions has just been published at Madrid, in anticipation of a "happy event" expected to come off in the Palacio Real before the end of this month, and will doubtless be carried out to its minutest detail. According to ancient prescriptions the lying-in chamber of a Spanish Queen may not have more than one door, which must communicate with a saloon, in which the great officers of State, deputations from both Chambers of the Cortes, admirals, marshals, and grandees of Spain are required to assemble when the Body Surgeon of her Majesty shall announce that the birth is at hand. This announcement is made to the President of the Council and Minister of Justice, who are conducted by the King in person into the Queen's bed-room, where the accoucheur officially communicates to them the state of affairs. This they, in their turn, impart to the illustrious gathering in the aforesaid saloon. The assembled dignitaries then wait patiently until the Royal infant "designs to enter the world." As soon as this important event takes place, the King carries the new-born babe into the saloon on a huge golden salver, and exhibits it, to all present, commencing with the Minister-President. Twenty-four hours later its birth is registered civilly, and the Cardinal, Patriarch of India baptizes it in the Palace Chapel. Immediately after this ceremony, the baby, is dubbed knight, and invested with the insignia of the Golden Fleece.

BEAUTIES FROM CUBA.

Opposition to American Belles—Senoritas With Ducats and Charms—A Good Market for Fortune-Hunters.

The Cuban belles have taken Saratoga by storm this season. They are here, says a correspondent, in great numbers, and are creating a decided sensation. Various rumors are spread abroad about the immense fortunes they possess. One dark-eyed Andalusian beauty is reported to be heiress to five millions; a sylphlike creature, with almond-shaped eyes, luxuriant dark tresses, and that indescribable walk of the Spanish beauty, who seems to glide over the ground instead of stepping like an ordinary mortal, is put down at three millions. They are from that ever-beautiful and most unhappy land Cuba. But whether the stories concerning their vast estates are fabulous or not—as such reports generally are—these Cuban belles have a fortune in themselves enough to captivate the fancy of our society youths. We except, however, the inveterate old beau, who are to be caught with nothing but a golden bait, and who are not worth the trouble of fishing for. Last evening two of these Senoritas, the Misses Jove, sang most delightfully in the parlors of the Grand Union Hotel, drawing a throng of enthusiastic admirers of their lovely voices. They sang their pretty Spanish ballads and a Creole duet, which was the very idea of music in tropical lands, under the full-orbed moon and with Spanish guitar for accompaniment.

The duet was encored and was repeated. No doubt the guests in the parlors would have been content to sit for hours listening to these sweet and youthful voices; but our dark-eyed belles were forced to say *buenos noches* at last, and tripped away from our enchanted eyes and still more enchanted ears to the ball at the United States.

A TREACHEROUS VILLAIN.

A Cool, Cowardly Murder—A Candidate for Hemp.

[With Portrait.]

On the afternoon of May 10, one Bartlett, a young man of bad character, living at Parkersburg, W. Va., induced two little girls, daughters of Mr. Tracewell, to go to Blennerhassett Island in a skiff with him. Learning of the affair, Mr. Tracewell sent his son down to the island in a skiff to bring the children home. When he got to the island he found Bartlett and his sisters, and from something seen by him at the time, a quarrel ensued. Tracewell being the larger and stronger of the two, gave Bartlett a terrible beating, after which Bartlett left, saying, "Tracewell, this is your last day on earth." Tracewell took his sisters into the skiff and set about on his return.

When near the mouth of the Kenawha, Bartlett, who had got to town ahead, rowed out into the river, and drawing pistol, shot at Tracewell. The ball did not take effect and Bartlett made his escape at the time. This was about 7 o'clock.

About half past 8 o'clock Tracewell came over into town and was walking up Market street, when Bartlett ran up behind him, and pulling pistol, snapped it against his back. The pistol missed fire at the first trial, when he again pulled the trigger, sending a 32-calibre bullet into Tracewell, who fell, crying, "I'm shot. I'm a dead man!"

Bartlett escaped, but was afterward captured. His trial will soon take place, and he will be made to suffer the penalty of his deed.

BELIAL'S BLOW-OUT

At Which He is Assisted by a Company a Few Shades Less Devilish Than Himself.

TRAFFORD'S RETURN HOME,

Upon Which Occasion He Sends His Wife Into Eternity by the Fist Route.

WINRICK'S DOMESTIC INFELICITY.

A Colored Varmint Fascinates a White One, and Both Leave for Parts Unknown.

PIRATES AND WOULD-BE MURDERERS

The Lively Manner in Which They Settle Little Misunderstandings in Kansas City.

TWINS IN LIFE AND DEATH

Enthusiasm for Politicians That Ended in Sorrow For the Heelers.

LEWMAN'S FAREWELL TO EARTH.

KING'S STOMACH.

Patrick King, of Des Moines, Iowa, while escorting two young women home, was shot through the stomach by a man named Wallace. The latter and several girls are under arrest. His recovery is doubtful.

WOODY'S KID.

A scandal of the illegitimate offspring order is agitating Decatur, Ill. "Yankee" Howell, an old well-to-do farmer, is charged by a Miss Woody with having made her a mother without the formality of marriage. The girl's father has taken up her cause, and a lively row, legal and otherwise, is in progress.

THROWN OVERBOARD BY PIRATES.

As Charles Austin was sailing on the bay near Babylon, L. I., a few days ago, his boat was boarded by two strangers, who threw him overboard and sailed away with the boat. Austin, after swimming for a long time, reached the shore, but in an almost exhausted condition. The boat was found at Amityville. The pirates are unknown.

CARTER DISCOUNTED.

Milton Carter of Columbia, Tenn., went about threatening to kill John Holcombe on sight. John heard of it and armed himself. The two men met in a saloon, and Holcombe, without waiting for his enemy to begin the attack, emptied a double-barrelled shot-gun and two chambers of a revolver. Milton, who killed a brother of Holcombe four months ago, died without a struggle.

ACCIDENT OR MURDER.

In the town of Lowell, O., on the morning of the 23d inst., it was discovered that the twin children of John Farley had been drowned in a tub during the night. The father and mother were arrested. The children were only a few months old. The parents were very poor and Farley was given to drink. Farley says that he believes his wife drowned the babies. They have three other children.

SHE SKIPPED OUT.

NEWARK, N. J., August 22.—Alexander Poulson, a colored man, agent of the Prudential Insurance Company, reports that his wife, Anna Maria Poulson, has eloped with Charles Berry, taking nearly all her husband's baggage. Poulson has been married nine years and his wife is thirty-five years old, five years older than he. Mrs. Poulson met Berry at a camp meeting at Asbury Park. They have gone to Philadelphia.

REPAYING A KINDNESS.

Irvin Brigham, of Grant township, near Kingsley, Mich., while driving along the road with his brother in the night, invited Tim Kelliher, whom they overtook, to take a ride. He stood up behind them in the

wagon, and soon after, he discharged a pistol and wounded Brigham severely. Kelliher claimed it was an accident, and assisted in taking the wounded man home. Brigham grasped a rifle and shot Kelliher through the lungs. Both are dangerously hurt.

SUICIDE IN MID OCEAN.

Two days ago a private letter was received in Brooklyn, dated from the steamship Arizona, while in the Irish Channel. The letter states that on Aug. 9, the passengers of the Arizona were excited by the announcement that a young lady had committed suicide by jumping overboard. The young woman was described in the letter as handsome and well educated. Her ticket bore the name of K. R. Schofield, but her books were marked, it is said, with the name of Addie Clark.

FOR A BUNCH OF GRAPES.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., August 21.—The examination of the seven men, arrested for the murder of the unknown man who was driven into the Ohio river and stoned to death last Monday, took place this afternoon. The testimony elicited was in accordance with the facts, and resulted in the recognition of four of the prisoners—Josh Belch, Herbert Gould, Erwin Lister and John Martin—as participants in the affair. These four men were held to answer on a charge of Murder. The others were discharged.

TRAFFORD'S CRIME.

At Sycamore, Ill., on the 21st inst., a brutal murder occurred. William Trafford, an Englishman by birth, and for several years a basket-maker of that place, becoming intoxicated, came home at the supper hour in a drunken stupor and demanded his supper of his wife, who had it already prepared and waiting for him. He fell upon her and beat her so that she died in a few minutes. Those who were present at Mrs. Trafford's death say that she gasped in her last breath: "He struck me in the stomach, and oh God! I am killed!" Trafford is a Baptist, and heretofore bore a good character.

A FATAL AFFRAY.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., August 22.—Frank M. Stillwell was shot in Urbana last night by George Grass, the load entering his breast near the right shoulder and tearing open the flesh sufficiently to admit a man's hand. Grass keeps a house of doubtful character, and Stillwell and one Birchfield during the night made several efforts to enter it, but were repulsed. At last Grass opened the door and shot at them. Both ran away. This morning Stillwell was found about ninety feet distant, just over the line, in this city, dead. Grass was arrested and his examination will occur to-morrow morning.

HOW THEY DIE AT KANSAS CITY.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 23.—James Thorp had an altercation yesterday with Alfred Perry. After the latter attacked Thorp with rocks Thorp drew a pistol and shot him four times, killing him almost instantly. William and Robert Van Hultz, while in the store of Henry Hock at Pleasant Hill, Saturday night, purchasing provisions, were ordered out of the store by Hock, and at the same moment fired on by him with a pistol. The Van Hultz brothers returned the fire, killing Hock and severely wounding another man named Alexander. The Van Hultz brothers surrendered to officers, and have the sympathy of the citizens.

AN OHIO HANGING.

CINCINNATI, O., August 22.—Monroe Robinson was hanged at Greenville, Drake county, Ohio, for the murder of Wiley Coulter, his wife's brother. The provocation was his arrest at Coulter's instance for abuse of his wife. Robinson deliberately shot Coulter October 23d last in the presence of his own children. He slept soundly the night previous and was awakened late in the morning with no appearance of excitement. On the scaffold he was expected to make a confession, but he only made a brief rambling talk, ceasing by shouting "Good bye sheriff and attendants." The drop fell at 12:14 and he was soon pronounced dead. His whole conduct on the scaffold showed him to be the most unconcerned man present.

FATAL WIND-UP OF A DANCE.

DES MOINES, Iowa, August 22.—Last evening a dance was in progress at a low dive on the East Side. Whisky flowed freely, and several rows took place, in which two roughs—Roxey King and William Wallace—were mixed up. About midnight Wallace, a chum and their two girls started over the river to the West Side, and on their way met Roxey and a partner, when a fight ensued, in which Wallace drew a revolver and shot King through the abdomen. Wallace attempted to escape, but fell into the hands of a policeman, who saw the flash of a revolver in the distance and started for the spot. King was carried into a livery stable. Wallace confessed to the shooting, but said King had him by the throat, and his clothes and person show hard usage. King cannot live.

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

A special from Madison, Wis., says the house of Martin Winrick, on the line between Dane and Columbia counties, was discovered in flames on Sunday night, and the neighbors, on forcing an entrance, found the body of Mrs. Winrick, riddled with shot lying in a pool of blood. The body of her husband was found on a bed, bleeding from two ghastly wounds. The bodies were taken out of the burning house, though somewhat scorched. Winrick and his wife had lived unhappily on account of the children of each by former marriages, and it is supposed the old man shot his wife with a shot-gun, set fire to the house, and then shot himself with a revolver, but failing to finish himself, had discharged the other barrel of the shot-gun into his own body. They leave several grown children, who reside in the neighborhood.

AN ILL ASSORTED COUPLE.

Considerable excitement prevails in Hagerstown, Md., over the capture of a negro named Robinson who had eloped with a young married white woman, the wife of a farmer named Key. Robinson has been in Key's employ for the past year, and recently an intimacy sprang up between Mrs. Key and the negro. An elopement was planned, and a day or two ago it

was carried into effect. The guilty couple took with them the five children of Mrs. Key and fled in a wagon belonging to Mr. Key, also taking with them a supply of groceries and household effects. They were pursued, and after a two days' chase were captured. The wagon broke down before they were overtaken, but the negro procured another vehicle and continued his flight toward Pennsylvania. There were threats of lynching Robinson, but he was safely jailed at Hagerstown. Mrs. Key and her children returned to her husband's home.

TWO MEN SHOT.

BURLINGAME, Kan., August 22.—Last night Thomas Smith and Wesley Jones, both colored, had some words in front of a saloon in this city, about 10 o'clock, and Smith fired a second time, missing his man. The second ball passed through the window of the saloon, striking the keeper, Baker, the ball penetrating his lungs. Thomas moved a few paces and seated himself on the steps of the Chronicle office, where he bled profusely and died in about three minutes. Baker fell upon the floor of the saloon, from which he has not been moved, the physicians deeming it best to keep him there quietly for a time. It is impossible to conjecture the result in Baker's case. Thomas was buried to-day, and Smith was bound over upon a charge of deliberate murder. Strong measures were taken to prevent lynching, which was freely threatened. The cause of the trouble was Smith's intimacy with Thomas's wife. Threats had been made by both parties, and it was well known that both went armed.

A SOUTHERN EPISODE.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., August 22.—The following are the particulars of the riot which occurred yesterday at Coffeeville. The Mississippi special election is to be held on Tuesday for sheriff. The democrats and greenbackers each have a ticket in the field. On Saturday both parties held a ratification meeting at Coffeeville, and each raised a pole. The democrats, who had a brass band from Grenada, after the pole raising, marched through the street. While passing a corner a difficulty occurred between a negro named Spearman in the democratic procession and R. V. Pearson, the greenbacker candidate for sheriff. Pearson shot Spearman, killing him instantly. This was the signal for a general melee and a volume of shots opened on Pearson, who was shot three times, from the effects of which he died last night. Two white men, Kelly and Reddick, friends of Pearson, were wounded. For a time perfect pandemonium reigned, the excitement ran so high that the Waltham Grays, a military company of Grenada, Miss., was telegraphed for, but afterwards the order was countermanded.

CRAZED WITH A CANCER.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., August 22.—Silas P. Lewman, a venerable and wealthy citizen of Stark county, Indiana, committed suicide at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, near his home, a mile and a half from Frather's station, by shooting himself through the head. The manner in which he committed the deed was rather novel. He loaded his gun heavily and went out in the road, one hundred yards from his house. Standing squarely before the gun, he placed his forehead upon the barrel, and with the ramrod, touched the trigger, and fired the gun. The lead entered his head and made a frightful wound, blowing a great portion of his head off, and scattering bones and flesh in all directions. Two weeks ago the deceased went to Charleston and made arrangements for his funeral. He had his measure taken and a coffin made. He informed Mr. Teeple as to the manner and where he should be buried, and made all necessary arrangements for his interment. For many years Mr. Lewman has been afflicted with a cancer on his face and has suffered greatly from the affliction. Deceased was aged about seventy-five and has resided in Clark county since 1816.

WANTED TO SPREAD,

Solomon's Grounds for a Divorce—Quoting Precedents With a Vengeance.

Yesterday, Solomon Glass, a colored man, whose experience in agricultural pursuits has enlightened his neighborhood, came to town with a view of getting a divorce from his wife. When asked upon what grounds he replied:

"Sufficient is de grounds ob dis occasion. When I rented 10 acres and worked one mule I married a 'oman suitable for de occasion. Now I rent 60 acres of lan' and work five mules. My first wife is a mighty good 10 acre wife, but she don't suit de occasion ob 60 acres. I needs a 'oman that can spread more."

When told by a lawyer that the grounds were not sufficient, he remarked:

"I kin produce de histry to show whar I'm careek. I's a learned man and kin read clear around de majority ob colored gentlemen an' a great many white fellers. De reason belongs to de French histry, an' though I don't speak French, I talks about it. You know Napoleon fust married Josephine de Beauharris."

"Yes," answered the lawyer, "but you may become a trifle too historically opulent if you proceed much further."

"Dat's all right. An' you know dat when he got up to de head ob de gubernment, an' had charge ob all de commissaries, he wanted a wife who could spread more, and he got a dispensation from Josephine and hitched onto Maria Louisa, cose she could spread more. Dar's de histry, an' dar's de precedent, an' ef a man can't get a dispensation on dese ground's whar's yer court house, an' whar's yer law?"—Little Rock Gazette.

LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

A Rich Student Marries a Boarding House Servant.

B. A. Rich, says the New Haven Register, is a young gentleman of brilliant parts and the possessor of

quite a handsome fortune. A few years ago he came among us for the purpose of pursuing his studies at Wesleyan University. While there he saw and became enamored of a beautiful young girl who worked as servant in the family at whose house the club of which Mr. Rich was a member took meals. So violent a passion as was experienced by the young man could not remain long without making itself known to its object. The girl was soon apprised of the conquest her charms had effected. Arrangements were made that she should immediately quit her place of service and go to a Catholic convent school in New York, for the purpose of receiving an education. This was done. A few weeks ago the young lady graduated at the New York school, a fine scholar. In the meantime Mr. Rich continued his studies at Middletown, obtained a diploma at Wesleyan in 1878, spent two years in a local law office, and at the July term of court was accepted by the bench as duly qualified to practice in the state courts. Since then Mr. Rich has been united in marriage to the beautiful Miss Haggerty, which is the young lady's name, and the happy couple have left for the former home of the groom, in the northern part of New York state.

SHAVING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Wives that are Made to Realize the Woes and Cares of Matrimony.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Gypsies are accomplished tinkers, gifted fiddlers, and, above all, highly picturesque objects; but their extraordinary handiness at snapping up such "unconsidered trifles" as geese, ducks and fowls from poultry yards and pond sides causes the proprietors of those feathered bipeds to wish the visits of the Romany might resemble those of angels in the respect of being "few and far between."

A party of these nomads recently camped near Youngstown, O., and their strange habits excited a great deal of curiosity. The males have evidently a very exalted opinion of themselves as lords of creation. Their wives are help-meets in every sense of the word, and are made to do many duties which their masters could do as well as not. A local artist sketched a scene at the camp which wives of lazy tendencies can study with profit. A burly gypsy was seated on the stump of a tree, and his wife was doing the "barber act," with a grace that would have pleased the most fastidious tonsorial artist. In different parts of the camp men lounged idly about, the ease that they were enjoying seemingly enhanced by the labor their spouses were performing.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

A Crime for which Hell is a Necessity, Ingersoll, Beecher and all Unorthodox People to the Contrary.

NEWARK, Omo, August 23d.—Six miles east of Newark is the little village of Hanover, in which is now brewing the material for a scandal which, when it comes to light, will demonstrate the fact that total depravity occasionally can be found in all its hideousness even in enlightened Ohio. The case in point is this in brief: The father of a family composed of a wife and several children, the oldest of which is a girl some eighteen years of age, and who is pregnant and near confinement. She says the putative father of her yet unborn is her father, consequently, will be the father of the expected and its venerable grandfather. The family of heathens have lately manifested a good deal of concern in regard to the matter. They have made overtures to at least two Newark physicians to engage in the murder of the innocent, and not let the other doctors in close proximity to the village do the job, none of whom, it appears, are after such jobs. The mother is watched closely, and more will be heard of soon.

BETTER THAN PRAYERS.

How a Clergyman Converted a Bully Into a Peaceable Citizen.

A blustering fellow recently undertook to insult and intimidate a clergyman on the railway cars near Burlington, Iowa. He sat in the same seat with the clergyman, and after several attempts to drag him into conversation, seized him by the ear, saying, "See here, mister, yer got to answer this question." Turning partly around, without the least outward excitement, the clergyman remarked, "You are a stranger to me and I do not wish to be annoyed by you. Will you please let go of my ear?" "Not until I have er mind to," insolently answered the fellow with a grin. "Look here, my friend, I had much rather pray for you than to use force, but you must take your hands off," remarked the minister. "I must, eh!" Just the minister planted his fist in the fellow's face and knocked him off the seat. The passengers manifested their pleasure at the turn things had taken, while the scamp walked to the other end of the car, and during the remainder of the trip conducted himself in a manner that would have won the first prize for decorum in a well regulated seminary.

A Hard Case Gone.

[With Portrait.]

George Doren, the murderer of John Fitzsimmons, paid the penalty of his crime on the gallows on the 20th inst. at Corsicana, Texas. The two met in a low house of prostitution in that place, and Doren, jealous of the attentions which one of the inmates showed to Fitzsimmons, shot him. He was put on trial, and found guilty of willful murder. He was a desperate character, and his fate was richly deserved.

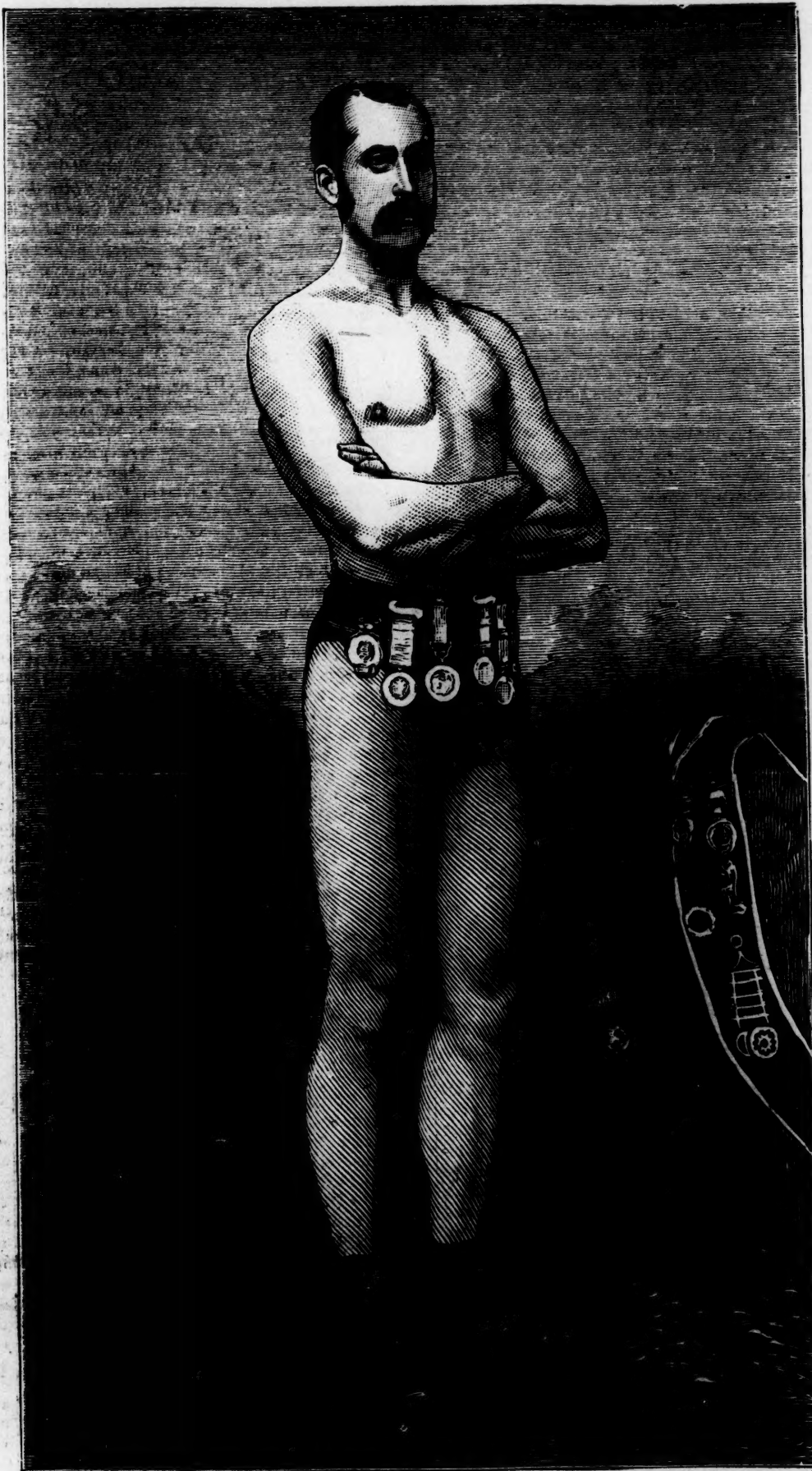
WALTER MORGAN, a well-known man of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and one of the editors of the Daily Press, fell down stairs at his residence and died immediately.

MOLLIE'S EXPERIENCE.

The Life of a Gambler's Mistress—From Innocence to Crime—The Tragic End.

A misguided woman's life came to a miserable ending at Butte City, Montana, a few days since. Mollie Forrest was an innocent, pure girl in Milwaukee three years ago; but she loved dress, and her vanity led her to ruin. A rich old man bought her honor with his gold, and, after a time, she drifted westward. In the spring of 1879 she was dancing in a low dance house at Bismark, and here she was found by Joe Scott, a gambler and hard case, who was looking for girls with whom to stock a "hurdy house," which he contemplated opening at Fort Benton, in this territory. The two became attached, and shortly after their arrival at Benton were united in matrimony. Though Mollie really loved Scott in her way, she loved the excitement of the life she was leading better, and, against Joe's remonstrances, she continued to be an inmate of a dance-house. Once, when crazed with opium, to the use of which she resorted to drown unpleasant recollections of the past, she cut Scott badly with a knife, and, for a time, they separated, but soon became reconciled again. Two weeks ago the pair came to Helena. Scott's arrival preceded that of his wife one day, and he hired a single room in a first class hotel. When Mollie arrived, late at night, he was taking her to his apartment, but the hotel clerk interfered, and, for his assumption in impugning the character of his spouse, Scott assaulted the clerk with a bar of iron, cutting and battering his head considerably. He escaped punishment for this piece of work through some quibble of the law, and the happy couple went on their way rejoicing. But the fates willed that the career of one of these birds of passage should be soon ended. At Butte Mollie secured a position on the "staff" of a low dance-house, wherein Scott was also given work. On the night of the 6th both drank freely and became intoxicated. About 2 o'clock they retired to a private room, and soon the motley crowd that thronged the dance-house was startled by the report of a revolver, the voice of which weapon is heard less frequently in Montana nowadays than of yore, and consequently attracts more attention. There was a rush to the room whence the sound proceeded, and there, stretched on the floor, was found the lifeless body of Mollie Forrest, with a hideous, gaping wound in the middle of her forehead, from which the blood streamed profusely. In the confusion Scott escaped, but was soon captured and jailed. There were rumors, however, that the *habitués* of the dance-house in which the tragedy occurred contemplated lynching the man, and he was smuggled out of town as quickly as possible, and in a few hours safely lodged in the county jail at Deer Lodge, an edifice better adapted to stand a siege, if one should be made.

At Butte there was no doubt that Scott had murdered his wife. He had been jealous of her during the evening before her death, and they were heard squabbling angrily before the shot was fired. But from the time of his arrest the man has strenuously and persistently denied his guilt, in a manner which has impressed many with a belief in his innocence. He says that he loved his wife dearly, but that she always wanted to have her own way, and this occasioned frequent disagreements between them. According to his story, when they retired from the dance-house she told him she had concluded to go to another one. He objected, and finally said that if she would go they had better quit each other. "If we are to quit," she replied, "I quit now," saying which she picked up his revolver, which he had laid on the table. She had threatened suicide before, and he thought little of her implied threat, but as she placed the muzzle of the pistol to her head, fearing that it would go off accidentally he sprang forward to take it from her, when the hammer fell and she dropped. He explains his flight by stating that he was afraid the people would lynch him without granting time for an explanation.



THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE'S SPORTING GALLERY.

E. W. JOHNSTON, CHAMPION CANADIAN ATHLETE.

A Noted Athlete.

(With Portrait.)

E. W. Johnston is a Canadian by birth; was born in

Newmarket, Ont., in 1853; stands 6ft. 1/2 in. in height, and in condition weighs 175 lbs. In 1877 the *New York Clipper* published a portrait and short sketch of his life, but as nearly all of his best performances have

been done since then, a short sketch might interest some of our readers. The first appearance of this celebrated athlete in public was at the international games in Toronto in 1875. These games were the event of the year, and to make them more attractive the late Hon. George Brown gave a gold medal for the best general athlete. Johnston was a suspicious-looking athlete, and at a convention held by the other athletes they decided that each athlete should take his particular specialty, and in this way Johnston would be left behind; but imagine their surprise when they found the tall Canadian 5 points ahead. This as his first essay carried away the championship medal of the Dominion of Canada. For general athletics his next appearance was at Hamilton, Ont., where he carried away 8 first prizes and 2 second prizes, and winning the champion cup. His next appearance was in the United States at the international games, August 14 and 15, 1876, where he carried away 12 prizes and made the best record in the world in the standing high leap of 5ft. 11 in. In 1877 he published a challenge offering to compete against any man in America in a number of athletic games for \$500 a side, but there were no takers. He winds up his campaign every year in Canada, and on an average attends twenty athletic meetings yearly. He has had several matches for small sums, and has been successful in all. In 1878 he showed up, as usual, to excellent advantage, and swept all before him in the field. This year he puts to his credit another tip-top record in the running high leap of 5ft. 10 1/2 in. He goes the regular trip, and before going to Canada he, in company with D. C. Ross, issued a challenge to Donald Dinnie and George Davidson, of Scotland, or any other two athletes in the world. This challenge found no takers, as it was published in the *Clipper* and money posted. The match was for \$1,000. He met George Davidson, the champion of Scotland, at Philadelphia, and vanquished him. He lately published a challenge offering to compete with Dinnie, Davidson, Ross, Lynch, Daly or any other man in the world for the world's championship and \$1,000 a side. Still it gets no takers. It will be remembered that this challenge still remains open. Last winter he went into the wrestling arena. His first match was with R. N. Harrison, of the Toronto fire department, for \$400. Johnston won, and the press of that city pronounced the match the best and toughest ever witnessed in Toronto. His next match was with Christie, of Rochester, for \$200 and the champion medal of Canada. Johnston won in two straight falls. His next match was with Thomas Lynch, of New York, the famous athlete; for a purse of \$500, in five falls. Johnston won. This athlete has been to over 200 athletic meetings and has won over 2,000 prizes. He holds twenty gold and 12 silver medals.

A DEATH-BED CONFESSION

Which will Probably End the Sentence of Two Prisoners—The Sin of False Testimony.

Mrs. Smith, who died in the Detroit hospital prison on Saturday last, made an extraordinary confession to the matron of the institution a few hours before breathing her last. On the night of the 13th of September, 1876, her husband was murdered as he lay in bed beside her. The body was then taken to the barn, which was set on fire. Mrs. Smith, her sister, her sister's husband and a young farm hand named Alexander were arrested for complicity in the deed. Mrs. Smith and Alexander turned state's evidence, the former swearing that her husband was killed by her brother-in-law and her sister, who she incited to the deed. Both were found guilty and sentenced to the state prison for life. Mrs. Smith was given fifteen years' imprisonment, and young Alexander ten years. In her confession to the hospital matron, Mrs. Smith says she swore falsely; that neither of the persons convicted had anything to do



A COLORADO MINING MATRIMONIAL AGENCY—FEMALE CANDIDATES WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO "MAKE A MATCH"—"I SWAR, STRANGER, THEY'RE TOUGH 'UNS: I GUESS I'LL GO IT ALONE FOR A WHILE."—SEE PAGE 2.

with the crime, nor did she know who committed it. She says that a certain person, whose name has not been revealed by the authorities, persuaded her to make the false confession, assuring her that she would receive a light sentence. While giving her testimony she was under the direction of this person, who was in the court room at the trial. At certain preconcerted signs made by him she answered yes or no to the questions of the prosecuting attorney.

A FATAL SPARK.

A Lover's Cigar Causes the Death of His Sweetheart.

A terrible accident, resulting in death, occurred near the village of Mount Joy, Pa. The victim was Miss Tillie Mateer, a young lady about 19 years of age, a resident of the above place. The particulars attending the sad case are as follows: Miss Mateer, who had been visiting a sister living at Marietta, was on her way home in company with a gentleman friend. In some unaccountable way a spark from the cigar he was smoking set fire to the clothing of the young lady. When the flames were discovered both parties used their best efforts to extinguish them, and would have been successful, but Miss Mateer lost her presence of mind, and, seeing her life in danger, started on a full run away from her companion. This action caused the fire to envelope her whole body. A carriage containing two young men came along, and the occupants, seeing the terrible condition the girl was in, jumped from the carriage and with the aid of a blanket smothered the flames which had destroyed nearly all of her clothing. Her flesh was burned in a frightful manner. She was taken to her home, a distance of five miles from where the accident occurred, in a carriage, and the agony suffered by her during the trip was fearful. On the arrival home medical aid was summoned, and everything possible done to alleviate her sufferings, but of no avail, as death came to her relief this morning.

Much indignation is expressed against the wife of one Henry Kauffman, a farmer living near where the accident occurred, from the fact that when it was proposed to take Miss Mateer in the house after the accident permission was refused, which necessitated hauling her during all the intense suffering over a



A GIRL WITH VIRTUE AND MUSCLE TO BACK IT RESENTS AN INSULT GIVEN BY A TRIO OF STREET LOAFERS BY DUMPING THE LOT INTO A CANAL: NEW ORLEANS, LA.

in the world do yez suppose I'll find the hole?" "I don't know," she answered, "unless you turn that crank." He turned it and in two minutes five fire engines were on the spot. He had sounded the fire alarm, and when the indignant firemen berated the Irishman he pointed to the much mortified lady and said: "She told me it was the lether box."

SCOUNDREL SCOTT.

The Manner in Which he Repaid a Kindness—A Fit Subject for a Dose of Tar and Feathers.

John Hannegan, who lives in Brockton, Mass., returned home from his business a couple of evenings since, to find his wife lying on the floor in an unconscious state, and the house in great disorder. He used restoratives, and soon she was able to speak and incoherently related her terrible story. She said that toward the middle of the afternoon a man, apparently of middle age, had called at the house and asked for a glass of water. The man next inquired if her husband was at home, and she unthinkingly answered in the negative. Upon this the man's manner changed at once, and approaching her with a quick gesture, he attempted to seize her. Terrified at this unexpected movement, the woman, with a loud outcry, sprang for the stairway. But her assailant was quickly after her, and he pursued the woman in her frantic endeavors to escape his clutches through the upper rooms of the house. She still kept just beyond his grasp, until, in attempting to descend a second flight of stairs and escape into the yard, she fell, and in another instant she was in the villain's grasp. Stifling her outcries with a grasp of iron upon her throat, he bore her to the room where she was afterward found by her husband. As his face was close to her she suddenly recognized her assailant as one Edward Scott, a married man living in Pleasantville. Calling him by name, the rascal gave a quick glance at her, and cried out that he would kill her if she made another sound. He then endeavored to get his victim to promise not to reveal his identity to her husband, but, as she persistently refused, with the little strength which remained in her, to conceal any portion of his crime, he with an oath grasped her by the throat, and, with a sensation of choking and terrible pain, she lost consciousness, and only recovered hours afterward to find herself in her husband's arms



"WHERE DO YEZ SUPPOSE I'LL FIND THE HOLE?"—A LADY DIRECTS A GREENHORN TO THE FIRE-BOX AS THE PLACE TO DEPOSIT HIS LETTER, AND RAISES A SERIOUS RACKET; CHICAGO.

rough road to her home, five miles distant. The parties who assisted in smothering the flames were severely burned about the head, face, and hands. The young man who caused all the suffering keenly feels the position in which he is placed.

PADDY'S "LEATHER" BOX.

A Joke That Brought Out the Fire Department of Chicago.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A ludicrous incident is related as happening in Chicago during the recent Knights Templar convocation. The wife of a well-known Pittsburg city officer was standing in the street waiting to get a glimpse of the parade, when she was approached by a raw looking Irishman, who said: "Where can I post a lether, mum?" "Here, I suppose," she said, pointing to what she supposed was a letter box. He approached the box, looked it over carefully, and then turning to the lady, said: "Where



AN INHUMAN BRUTE CONFINES HIS BROTHER IN AN OUT HOUSE FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS, THE LATTER BEING DISCOVERED CHAINED TO THE FLOOR; NEAR READING, PA.—SEE PAGE 6.



AN EAGLE, ATTRACTED BY THE GORGEOUS HEADGEAR OF A YOUNG LADY, SWOOPS DOWN UPON IT, AND CARRIES IT AWAY; ANDROSCOGGIN, ME.—SEE PAGE 2.

as above stated. It is supposed that Scott left her for dead and then made good his own escape.

A HEROINE AND THE HOODLUMS.

A Milk-Maid Uses a Drainage Canal to Great Advantage, and Causes a Set of Ruffians to Cheese it.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few days ago a rather pretty Gascon milk-maid, a stranger in the country, and still attired in the picturesque costume of Gascony, in passing with her milk-pail at the corner of Canal and Broad streets, New Orleans, was insulted by six young ruffians, who attempted to take improper liberties. With the quickness of thought the athletic young woman seized three of the miscreants and threw them bodily into Broad street canal. The three remaining curs fled in dismay, while the others floundered in the black depths of the Broad street ditch.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles and Its

Heroes From 1812 to
1880.

An Interesting Description of the Great Fistic Encounters Between Pugilists of the Past and Present.

How the Game Winner Met His Death.

An Enemy Who Was as Blood- thirsty as He Was Vin- dictive.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE,
By W. E. HARDING.

In the 26th round Lazarus led off, but this time was short. Horrigan seemed to have revived somewhat; he threatened trouble, went in, and sent Lazarus down. (Shouts for Horrigan: "He will fight six hours yet.") From the 27th to the 31st, Lazarus had decidedly the best, although nothing of particular moment was done on either side. Horrigan was down in all the rounds.

In the 32d round Lazarus' right eye was now entirely closed, but otherwise he was not much disfigured. Horrigan's mouth and left peeper were in a sad predicament, and the whole aspect of his face was changed. Horrigan backed up on a little knoll, and awaited the approach of Lazarus. "I can't go on there, Horrigan," says Lazarus, "come down here." (Cries of "go and drive him off.") But Lazarus knew his own business best; he took another look, and Davis called him to the other side of the ring; Horrigan soon followed, however, but nothing was done, and the referee ordered them to the scratch, on reaching which some sharp work took place on both sides, until Horrigan went down.

One hour had now elapsed, and instead of Lazarus being used up, as was generally supposed would be the case, he was decidedly the strongest of the two.

In the 33d round Lazarus tried his right, but with little success—he then bored in, and drove Horrigan to the ropes, who got down, but as Lazarus turned toward his corner, Horrigan raised, and sent in a severe one. Lazarus turned, when Horrigan dropped.

The 34th round was another slashing round—give and take, until Horrigan went down.

The seven rounds that ensued were mainly in favor of Lazarus. Horrigan down, as before, in each.

In the 42d round Lazarus bored in again, and again drove his opponent to the ropes, where Horrigan went down. Lazarus turned to go to his corner—as he did so, Horrigan raised, but Lazarus observed the movement, and stopped, when Horrigan again dropped. Davis here called the attention of the referee to this proceeding on the part of Horrigan, and Roche was cautioned.

On time being called for the 45th round it was observed that Lazarus was hitting open-handed. Davis reminded him of it, when Lazarus got home with effect on Horrigan's conk, and the latter dropped.

In the 46th round Horrigan now went on the offensive—he rushed in, but Lazarus stepped back—Horrigan continued to advance; Lazarus at length stopped, and getting within distance sent in a stinger on Horrigan's snapper, which peeled the bark off in an artistic manner. A clinch and struggle for the fall then took place, ending in Horrigan being thrown; and it seems that Lazarus fell with his knee in Horrigan's groin. Roche called upon Lazarus's seconds to take their man off, and he requested the referee to notice more particularly such matters, for he considered it a foul.

There was great excitement created in consequence of Roche approaching the referee, and claiming foul. He held a bottle in his hand, and proclaimed that Horrigan had been poisoned. The bottle was handed to the referee to taste the contents. Horrigan's mouth was in a bad state, and all who tasted the contents of the mysterious bottle were affected in a like manner. It was at length ascertained that the liquor of which Horrigan had partaken, was a preparation used in rubbing him, composed of camphor, spirits of turpentine, etc., and that it had been handed to Horrigan by his own friends in mistake for the bottle containing brandy and water. This explanation made, order again resumed its sway. Time was called, the men approached the scratch, and after a few wild hits, this exciting round closed by the fall of Horrigan.

In the 47th round both men fought with the greatest determination, and the round was obstinately contested—give and take, until Horrigan went to earth again.

The next four rounds showed nothing of importance. After a few exchanges in each, Horrigan sought his mother earth.

In the 52d round Horrigan's face was terribly cut up. The desperation with which each man fought took the spectators completely by surprise. Their blows seemed to have as much force as when the battle first commenced. After some severe exchanges they separated, stepped back, took a look at each other, again approached the scratch, and went in as though they meant to put an end to the fight without further ceremony. On Horrigan going down, it was now observed that something wrong was the matter with his left arm, and for a time it was thought to have been broken, but it was afterward learned that it was severely sprained by being brought in contact with Lazarus's shoulder, wrenching it in a painful manner. At the close, three cheers were proposed, and cheerfully given by all present, for both lads.

From the 58th to the 79th round Horrigan's chances were extremely slim, and his seconds several times wished to give in for him, but the game little fellow would listen to nothing of the kind. Lazarus had all the best of it throughout these rounds, Horrigan invariably going down. (Two hours and a half had now elapsed.)

In the 80th round Horrigan must have seen that there was no chance for him to win—his wind was gone, and he was extremely weak, in fact, it was as much as he could do to stand; yet notwithstanding, he came up to

the scratch in as game a manner as his limbs would bear him. Lazarus was comparatively fresh, showing the good results of a regular and careful course of training. Lazarus made a feint with one hand, and then got in with the other in the old spot, Horrigan's potato trap, when Horrigan went down.

In the 81st, 82d, and 83d Horrigan came up but to receive punishment, and went down in each round.

The 84th round was a disastrous round to Horrigan. They had no sooner got to the scratch, than Lazarus rushed in, and drove Horrigan to the stakes, getting him with his back on the ropes, and in this position Lazarus punished him dreadfully. (Cries of "take him away!") At length, Horrigan managed to get out of the unpleasant position, and succeeded in getting down.

In the 85th round, notwithstanding the fearful punishment, Horrigan came up game and determined as ever, and actually made play, but Lazarus stepped back. Some mistook this move for cowardice, and shouted for Horrigan to go in. Horrigan continued to move toward Lazarus, and Lazarus kept falling back. They maneuvered this way for some time, when they were ordered to the scratch. Here Lazarus got in his one, two, and Horrigan went down.

From the 86th to the 96th round Roche and Aaron saw the hopelessness of their case, and strongly urged Horrigan to allow them to give in for him, but, as before, he entreated them to allow him to have a few more trials, saying that he was nothing like whipped yet. He was permitted to go in again, but he could do nothing. He went to the scratch merely to take, take, take.

In the 97th poor Horrigan, once more, despite the opposition of his friends, came forward, full of game, but as weak as a cat. Lazarus saw he had things in his own hands, and dealt out one blow, and Horrigan went down. Aaron seeing it was useless to protract the fight any longer, threw up the sponge in token of defeat, and Lazarus was then proclaimed the winner. Horrigan was immediately carried out of the ring by his seconds, while Lazarus started on a run. His first inquiry was for his game little opponent, and on coming up with him he shook hands with him in the most friendly manner. In a short time all were on their way home again. The battle lasted 178 minutes.

Lazarus, when the war broke out, joined the Fire Zouaves under Colonel Pony Farnham. Upon his discharge he went to California.

While looking on at the fight between McGraw and Daily, September, 1893, a free fight ensued and he was shot in the breast. After Lazarus pistol had been shot from his hand and he had received his wound, he coolly picked it up, took deliberate aim, and shot his assailant, a Mexican, named Meccacho, dead on the spot.

He then returned to New York to welcome the Empire City, and opened the X-10-U-S, at 12 Houston street, now kept by Matt Grace, the ex-champion wrestler.

In New York at that time flourished Barney Friery, a noted rough. He hired parties to coax a handsome Newfoundland dog belonging to Lazarus into 10-40 Loan's blood-thirsty pound, where most of the poor dumb brute's teeth were pried or pulled out.

Friery, with a gang of roughs, took a reckless, bull-dog sort of a fellow, named Jack Drumgold, a professional scrapper, into Lazarus' saloon, and, going up to Lazarus with a \$100 note in his hand, shoved in under Lazarus' nose, with the remark, "I'll bet yer this century this fellow can lick yer rough-and-tumble in yer own house, an' yer darren't take it up, you English s— of a b—!"

Lazarus had a party of his friends there, too, and, with his unflinching bravery, replied that he had no quarrel with Drumgold, and wished no trouble with anybody, but if he came for fight and would go with him alone in the back room he would accommodate him for fun.

The proposition was so fair that even Friery and his companion, "Squealing Jack," could not object.

Lazarus and Drumgold then left the party, locked the door and went to it like two bull-dogs. In a very few seconds Drumgold was laid out, when Lazarus returned to the bar-room, saying: "I guess he's got enough for tonight. You'll find your great fighter inside. The Friery party, as soon as Drumgold came to, left, muttering threats of revenge as they sought the street.

On the eve of the fearful Lazarus murder, January 2, 1895, things were unusually lively around Houston street, and the manly, generous heart of the young pugilist beat in high spirit.

About 4 o'clock on the morning of the 3d of January, a sleighing party drove up to No. 12 and got out; Barney Friery was one of the number, and when Lazarus recognized his deadly enemy he turned pale and serious. Friery, drunk as he was, noticed the change in his countenance, and going up to Lazarus extended his hand and said, "Lazarus, you and I have had a difference for some time; now let us shake hands and be friends." Lazarus at once replied, "Agreed" and he held his hand out for the purpose in good faith, when Friery suddenly drew an immense carving-knife from up his sleeve, drove it deep into the unfortunate little fellow's neck twice, completely severing the carotid artery, and then with fearful curses dashed out of the house.

Lazarus was at the time of his assassination but twenty-six years old. When stabbed he staggered forward a few steps, the blood deluging the floor, and fell dead. Friery, with his knife dripping in Lazarus' blood, jumped into the sleigh and was driven off. Friery was arrested with James Clark and James McDonald in a lager beer saloon at Morrisania. The two parties above named were in Friery's company when the murder was committed; also Jack Gillon, alias "Squealing Jack," of California. The arrest was about 4 o'clock P. M. of the day of the murder.

When captured, Friery asked the officer if Lazarus was dead, and, upon being answered in the affirmative, said, with the characteristic venom of his race, "Then I'll dance at the wake." Friery was hung for the murder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the next issue of the Gazette will appear a history of the great prize fight between Rankin and Bradley, the Irish giants, for the championship. Don't fail to read the history of the American prize ring, published every week in the Gazette.

THE picture of E. W. Johnston, the champion Canadian athlete, was photographed by Mr. John Wood, of 208 Bowery, especially for the GAZETTE's illustrated sporting gallery. Mr. Wood is a professor of the business, and pictures of all the prominent sporting men and the theatrical profession are taken at his well-known gallery.

On Sunday, Aug. 22, a desperate and brutal prize fight was fought at Wadeside, Brooklyn, between Patsy Dynan and Tommy Holmes of Brooklyn. The pugilists fought at catch-weight, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for a purse. The fighting from the beginning was desperate. Dynan gained first blood in the second round and Holmes won first knock down in the eighth round. On time being called for the twenty-eighth round, the pugilists had been fighting one hour and ten minutes. The police then arrived, and there was a general panic among the pugilists. Several ran and escaped, but the police captured both principals and brought them to Brooklyn. Both pugilists were terribly battered and presented a pitiable appearance. At the station-house the crowd were all looked up.

"THE" ALLEN.

His First Meeting With Bill Poole, the Famous American Pugilist, and What Came of the Acquaintance.

AN AUSPICIOUS BOAT RACE

That Led to a Fight Which Shaped an Adventurous Career.

NEW YORK IN "YE OLDEN TIMES."

How the Spirit of Improvement Has Upset and Annihilated Famous Sporting Resorts.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST.

The city of New York is distinctively and emphatically revolutionary in its tendencies in every phase. Each year witnesses the blotting out of landmarks; those conservative ideas which govern the people of foreign cities find no exponents here. That sentimental reverence for old traditions and old associations, while it exists, has no power in influencing commercial actions. Progress is the spirit of the people, and sentiment gives way before its inexorable laws. Hence we find the face of Manhattan Island changing each year, from the Battery up to Spruett Duvell Creek. Old inhabitants can hardly realize that they have not been in a "Rip Van Winkle" sleep, so complete is the transformation from the time when they were "one of the boys" and "went out for a night to see the sights, and have a quiet little spree." The old haunts and "hang-outs" where music, wine and women furnished the elements of a good time have passed away and like the "baseless fabric of a vision left not a trace behind." And what is true of these old haunts is equally true of many of those who frequented them.

Among the actors of the gay life of old New York (old is used in the comparative sense) none was more prominent than Theodore Allen. His life from the time he fledged into a "youngster on his own hook" has been one series of stirring events, embracing everything from comedy to tragedy. He has seen life in every phase, met men and women of every type, and the reminiscences gathered in his experience, cover a period big with interest.

Young Allen's bent inclined from the first to the fast side of life, and this disposition led him into the midst of many scenes and strange places: from a mere spectator he became a prominent actor. He plunged as wildly into the dissipations of the period as the most reckless, always, however, keeping his head level and his eye on the main chance. The mad swirl of passion which has engulfed so many of his associates, was kept back by that calm spirit of self-reliance now so characteristic of him.

In the year 1846 Bill Poole, the famous champion of Know-Nothingism, was in his prime. He was engaged in the butchering business in what is now known as the Ninth ward. This part of the city was called "the village," being different in character socially and otherwise from any district in the city. Theodore Allen was at this time tussling with fortune in the role of a sand-bag, an occupation only differing in the material disposed of from that of the saw-dust vender of the present. In going his rounds young Allen became acquainted with Poole, and the latter with that perception of human nature characteristic of him recognized in Allen a congenial spirit. Their acquaintance led to the engagement of the latter as a helper in Poole's market. Poole was a firm believer in the doctrine that "all work and no play made Jack a dull boy," and lived up to this theory to the top of his bent. Athletic sports always found in him a willing patron and promoter. He took especial delight in arranging matches to test the prowess and pluck of the participants.

Shortly after young Allen entered his employ, Poole got up a boating contest, wagering \$250 with Mike Rodney and Jim Brown, two famous sporting characters of their time, against a like sum that he could produce a crew that would beat anything that they could bring forward. The wager was accepted, and Allen and Jim O'Neil, Dave Coles, Jack Barnett and Peter Culkins were Rodney and Brown's choice. Poole selected Garry Katen (the now noted Coney Island hotel keeper), George Shurager, Jim Agate and Bob Parker to battle for his stake.

The course was from the foot of Christopher street to Brimstone Point, and return. By mutual agreement between the crews Poole was made stake-holder and referee. All the sporting men in town were on hand to witness the contest. Poole took his place in the stake boat and gave the word go. It was a tight struggle and the excitement among the rival friends of both crews ran high. On the return Allen's crew pulled ahead, and came in winners by a few lengths. Greatly to the surprise of all Poole decided that the stakes were not won, and refused to award them until another race was rowed. After some wrangling his decision was accepted, and both crews again sped away over the course. Poole's action rankled Allen to that extent that he resolved to form their plans for satisfaction. Coming in on the home stretch, again the winners, they pointed their boat direct for the stake boat in which Poole and a few of his friends were standing, and before the latter could realize the dodge, Allen's boat struck them full and hard, shattering both crafts and sending all hands foundering in the water. Self-preservation took the place of the natural instincts of both parties, and all struck out for the shore, their tempers cooling down proportionate with their bodies. Safe on shore good nature reigned, and Poole paid the money over cheerfully.

This little affair, seemingly trivial in itself, proved the turning point in Allen's life, and shaped his future. Among the spectators at the boat race was a young fel-

low by the name of Hugh Darrah. He was known as a rough-and-tumble fighter of no mean quality. He was devotedly attached to Poole, and never passed an opportunity to demonstrate his friendship. After the settlement of the boat race a dispute arose among the immediate friends of both parties as to the respective merits of the crews athletically. Darrah, notwithstanding the pleasant feeling which existed generally, was inclined to regard the ducking which Allen had given to Poole as an insult worthy of punishment. The latter, always ready for anything which would "pan out" excitement, quietly encouraged his young champion, and banteringly asserted to Mike Rodney that he could produce a man who could whip Allen for the stakes (\$500). Rodney readily accepted. Not so with Allen. Fighting was not then one of his accomplishments, and he hesitated about adding it to his list with so experienced a tutor as Darrah. But he finally made up his mind to take chances, whatever the consequences, and the match was made, the fight to take place in a week from the day of its arrangement, the place selected being a large field adjoining Kipp & Brown's stables on the corner of Charles and Hudson streets.

Great interest was felt among all classes in the result of the meeting, and when it came about thousands gathered to see it out. The ring was placed near a pond, which the stablesmen used for washing off the stages and carriages. Everybody felt secure from interference, as at that time Gotham's police force consisted of a few watchmen dubbed by the people "Leather-heads." It mattered little to them what the public did, so long as they were not interfered with.

"Big Bill" Eldridge, a noted sea captain and sport, seconded Allen, and Smith Ackerman, who was afterwards killed accidentally on the morning of the Poole-Morrissey fight in a friendly wrestling match with Jack Quinlan, acted in a like capacity for Darrah.

Time was called after all the preliminaries had been arranged, and the two young gladiators began their mauling exercises. Success favored first to one and then the other. Both were as game as bantams, and took and gave without finching. Their pluck awed many an old mauley-scarred veteran. Darrah exhibited far more science, which was, however, offset by Allen's agility and tact. These qualities served him well, aiding him in keeping in reserve his strength for the wind-up, which occurred on the 41st round, in a most ludicrous manner.

Both of the combatants clinched in this round, exerting every sinew to secure a fall. While thus struggling Allen forced Darrah back against the ropes, and while bending him over them they gave way and both tumbled headlong into the pond, Allen on top. This unlooked-for accident did not cause him to lose his presence of mind. He realized that he had the advantage and that, if rightly used, victory was his. He held Darrah in his uncomfortable position until pulled off by some of the spectators. Darrah was brought on terra firma, choking with the slimy water, his wind apparatus completely annihilated. When time was called he failed to respond, and Allen was declared conqueror.

From that time he was regarded by the "villagers," always proud of the muscular attainments of their young men, as a hero. His gamey qualities were the theme of many a corner convention.

All this had its influence on young Allen. Like the rest of humanity, fame was sweet to him, and he gloried in the notoriety this fight had given him with his associates and neighbors.

He grew to regard himself as a fistic hero, and felt that he had won the right to meet on a par with the best exponents of the science of the manly art.

Poole, although loser, felt a secret pride in his young assistant, and shortly after began to cultivate a closer intimacy with him. They became staunch friends, and were always found together in the different sporting resorts of the "village."

At this time the business portion of New York did not extend above Canal street. The neighborhood where Poole and Allen lived was sparsely settled, and the conservative nature of the inhabitants made it very quiet. The young man of sporting tendencies was obliged to go down town to gratify them. Leonard, Walker and Church streets were the haunts of the fancy. Fashionable gambling saloons and bagnios were plentiful in these streets, where representatives of every nation gathered nightly to drive dull care away in unrestrained revel.

Poole was a well-known character in all the resorts of this neighborhood. Those who effected the combative, with but few exceptions made his acquaintance through a taste of his qualities as a rough and tumble fighter, and they very seldom cared to make the acquaintance more intimate by a second trial. Occasionally some stranger from other parts of the Union, jealous of Poole's pugilistic reputation, and ambitious to win fame at his expense, threw down the gauntlet and tried conclusions with him. The result was always very damaging to the stranger's self-esteem and person. His fame spread through the country, and he was regarded as invincible. The man who tackled him was considered very courageous and very presumptuous as well.

After Allen's victory over Darrah, he became ambitious to shine in a larger field. The "village" became too small for him. He felt competent to take care of himself with the best in the neighborhood, and his plucky fight made the young gladiators of the "village" a little shy of an encounter with him.

In his ambition to extend his fame Allen found a ready assistant in Poole. The latter regarded him as a congenial associate, and the two became familiar figures in the sporting resorts of down town. Poole was always ready to pit his protegee against anything of his weight, and Allen generally justified the good opinion his patron entertained of his prowess. The sporting men of the neighborhood began to take an interest in him as well, and the associations thus formed gradually moulded his character and fitted him for the stormy career which was to follow. Allen became infatuated with his new life. The "village" and his occupation as a butcher boy became distasteful to him, and he began to cut loose from the old moorings.

The new existence opening up to him, pleased him. He was an explorer in the realms of dissipation and vice, and a bold one at that. Nothing daunted him. He had made up his mind to "see life" at whatever cost, and his first thrilling experiences in this hazardous undertaking would have checked a man of less determined character than "The" Allen. There was a spirit of lawlessness in New York in those days, and the young rounder of the period saw life under quite different circumstances from those under which his prototype of to-day sees it. Allen met with men and women reckless almost to madness, and kept his end up with the wildest of them. His first experience in the gay life into which he entered, with incidents of famous characters in New York's history with whom he came in contact will appear in the next issue of the GAZETTE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PADDY RYAN, who is sojourning in Canada, is traveling with Charley McDonald, the Canadian champion.

JOE GOSS and JACK STUARD, a London, Ont., boxer, recently had a lively set-to at Chatham, Ont., in which Goss surprised the Canadians.

THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

ALL LETTERS, PORTRAITS AND COMMUNICATIONS IN REFERENCE TO SPORTING MATTERS TO BE ADDRESSED TO WM. E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, NEW YORK.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. W., Alton, Miss.—Read No. 141 of the GAZETTE, it will give you all the information.

H. W., Leavenworth, Kan.—Pegram is the unknown going to England for the Astley belt.

C. A. S., East Saginaw, Mich.—Send on your picture, also Prof. John Donaldson's and oblige.

M. R., Port Chester, N. Y.—Jim Mace is in Australia. A letter addressed to Sidney will find him.

W. P., Logansport, Ind.—1. Hyer was born in New York. 2. Deerfoot ran 11 miles 750 yards in 60 minutes.

H. G., Herkimer, N. Y.—The GAZETTE publishes all the sporting news it has room for. Thanks for items.

PUGILIST, Virginia City, Nev.—Tom Sayers defeated Perry, the "Tipton Slasher," in ten rounds, lasting 1h. 42m.

RICHARD J. WALSH.—1. If they desire to do so. 2. No, Jim was out of the race when he was beaten by John and Dick.

ATHLETE, Oil City, Pa.—Ben Hogan, the pugilist, had turned preacher, and left the prize ring, the last time we heard of him.

HARRY, Utica, N. Y.—1. Trickett and Hanlan row on the Thames, England, on November 15th. 2. Watch the GAZETTE sporting column.

CURRAGE, Elizabeth, N. J.—Dan Donnelly, the Irish champion, fought Hall, Cooper and Oliver. He was born in 1788, and died Feb. 18, 1820.

OARSMAN, Cleveland, O.—1. Yes. 2. Josh Ward is still living. 3. Walter Brown, the ex-champion oarsman, is dead. 4. He was born at Newburg, N. Y.

POLLY, Parker's Landing, Pa.—"Glimpses of Gotham" is the book that will just suit you. Write to this office and GAZETTES will be forwarded to you on receipt of postage stamps or P. O. money order.

WRESTLER, Rutland, Vt.—Yes; Matt Grace, the wrestler and sporting man, whose picture was in the GAZETTE last week, wrestled James R. Owens twice. Owens won the first match and the second ended in a draw.

DONALD, Columbus, O.—1. Dick Hollowood, the pugilist, is living in Indianapolis, Ind. 2. Yes, he fought Johnny Keating twice, the last time for the feather-weight championship and won, Keating breaking his arm.

FLOW BOY, Fargo, D. T.—1. The E. D. Davis of your city is the E. D. Davis, better known as Pugh Davis the ex-champion runner, formerly a resident of New York. 2. Morrissey defeated Thompson, Yankee Sullivan and John C. Heenan. 3. No.

M. H., Brockville, Canada.—The POLICE GAZETTE is under new management, and it is not the same kind of a paper as the old POLICE GAZETTE. It is now universally acknowledged to be the best pictorial, sporting and sensational journal published.

TROTTER BREKEDER, Shelbyville, Ky.—1. The race horse Redman, running in the Saratoga races, is the same horse that at Louisville, on May 19, 1878, in a two-mile hurdle race, won eight hurdles, and covered the distance in 3:48½, with 134 pounds up.

HERZOG, Cincinnati, O.—1. A is correct and you lose. 2. Ned O'Sullivan the Irish Giant, fought Mardon (twice), and George Hies in England. 3. He fought Joe Wormold in this country, not in England. 4. Mace and Wormold never fought as opponents in the ring.

W. M., Troy, N. Y.—1. Boss Harrington was born in New York in 1808. 2. He fought Andy McLane on June 4, 1832 and John Lane in 1838. 3. See "History of the American Prize Ring," now being published weekly in GAZETTE. It commenced in No. 141 and back numbers can be furnished.

DUMB BELL LIFTER.—The best hand lift is 1,250 pounds, by John M. Cannon, at Cincinnati, O., Jan. 16, 1875, with a health-lift machine. Wm. B. Curtis of New York, with harness, has lifted 3,300 pounds, Ambrose Butts of Auburn, N. Y., 2,737½ and John J. Lucas of Belleville, Ill., 2,700 pounds.

W. S., Albany, N. Y.—1. Wm. Perkins, the English pedestrian, walked 8 miles in 58m. 28s., at Brighton, England, July 29, 1878. 2. Trickett defeated Joseph Sadler, the champion oarsman of the world, for £400 and single-scutt championship of the world on the River Thames, England, from Putney to Mortlake, on June 27, 1878. 3. Sadler won the title of champion oarsman of the world by defeating all comers in the International Regatta at Saratoga, N. Y., in 1870.

J. P., Camden, N. J.—1. An attempt was made to assassinate Alderman Wm. McMullen at Philadelphia in July, 1872. It was at the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Montgomery Hose Company. On the day of the celebration Hugh Mara stole a bouquet from the hose house. McMullen followed him into Alderman Devitt's saloon, where Mara was bar-keeper, and remonstrated with him, when, unobserved, he pulled a revolver and shot McMullen, the ball entering about one inch from the right nipple. Mara then fled and the Philadelphia hose company offered \$2,000 reward for Mara's capture, and the Square Association also offered \$500. 3. McMullen's pluck and iron constitution saved his life.

PAROLE has been entered in the Pimlico stakes at Baltimore.

BLOWER BROWN has decided to enter for the Astley belt, also Day.

WALLACE ROSS is going to England to row against English oarsmen.

THE Scotch football team are making preparations to visit America.

PUNCH CALLOW has issued a challenge to fight any light-weight in England.

McMANUS, of Boston, has decided to take Hoamer to England to row Elliott or Boyd.

At Attleboro, Mass., a five-mile bicycle race was won by O. W. Hawkins in 21m. 58s.

P. LORILLARD is still urging the Dwyer Brothers to sell him Luke Blackburn for \$30,000.

LEAHEY, the champion oarsman of the Pacific Slope, now refuses to row Wallace Ross.

JOHN McMAHON, the champion wrestler, is training at Bakersfield, Vt., by working on his farm.

THE Chicago Base Ball Club have the base ball championship of 1880 won without a doubt.

It is reported that Vanderbilt now owns St. Julien, and that he paid \$35,000 for him to mate Maud S.

At the Midland Regatta, Ontario, Canada, Hosmer of Boston, easily won the three-mile professional race.

WILL HIR, of Canton, won the junior single-scutt race at the Eclipse Boat Club regatta at Cincinnati, O.

GEORGE BARBER has gone to England to be absent two years. He will ride Mr. Lorillard's horses there at his weight.

BON FARRELL, the pugilist, of New York, issues a challenge to box any pugilist in New York with blackened gloves for \$200 a side.

SUGAR MURPHY offers to match John T. Grady of Vermont, to wrestle Ed. Carroll of Hoosac Falls, collar and elbow, for \$250 a side.

At Pelham Grounds, London, England, recently, Joseph Widden, in an attempt to run 19 miles in 2 hours, covered the distance in 1h. 59m. 30s.

RED WATTS, a Kansas pedestrian, will start from Wichita, August 24, in an attempt to walk to New York by November 2, for a wager of \$1,000.

HOWES and Hancock, the English pedestrians, have posted all the stakes in their twenty-six-hour walking match for the championship of England.

E. C. HOLAKE has posted a forfeit and issued a challenge to walk T. H. Armstrong either fifteen miles or three hours, square heel-and-toe, for \$1,000.

MICHAEL DONAHUE, the light-weight champion wrestler, has accepted the challenge of Bolac to wrestle for \$500 and the light-weight championship.

RECENTLY, at Milford, Mass., James E. Warburton, the English champion runner, defeated ten starters in a ten-mile race, making the distance in 55m. 32s.

At Brooklyn, the 20 miles amateur running race for a champion gold medal, between P. J. McCarthy and H. Sadler, was won by McCarthy in 2h. 3m. 50s.

LUKE BLACKBURN, the king of the turf, won the champion stakes at Long Branch, one and a half miles, in 2:34, the fastest time ever made at the distance.

At Halifax the three-mile single-scutt race between John McKay, of Dartmouth, N. S., and P. H. Conley, of Portland, Me., for \$1,000, was won by Conley in 22m. 50s.

A SINGLE SCUTT race has been arranged between Laycock, the Australian sculler, and Blackman of London, for £100 a side, the race to be rowed over the Thames course on October 5.

THE revelations in regard to false marking at Wimbledon, take all the remaining sting out of the Hyde-Halford match, and the American eagle feels that it has not lost even a feather.

At Atlantic City, N. J., August 21, in a two and a half mile swimming match, Paul Boyton allowed George Fearn, the English champion, half a mile start and the English champion won. The race was a fraud.

At Atlantic City, N. J., on August 18, Paul Boyton defeated George Fearn, the English swimmer, in an ocean race for \$1,000 purse. Boyton swam twelve miles with his life-saving apparatus, against Fearn's ten miles.

At Red Bank, N. J., August 21, Commodore Robert M. Whiting, of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, attempted to row fifty miles in eleven hours. He rowed twenty-five miles and then was prostrated by the heat. He was ahead of time when he faints.

THE champion heavy-weight pugilist of England is Alfred Greenfield. He keeps the Swan with Two Necks, at Birmingham. He has repeatedly challenged Tom Allen and all England to fight for £100 to £250, but no one appears ready to accommodate him.

JOHN DOBLEN has entered the O'Leary and Haverly race, which takes place at Chicago, in which horses are to be put on the track against men in a six-day contest. Doblen expects, bar accident, to cover 580 miles. It is doubtful if there is any horse in America can cover so many miles in six days.

ERNEST VON SCHOENING, the champion long distance swimmer and George Werham swam from the Battery to Coney Island, a distance of 23 miles on August 22 for an alleged \$500. Werham swam 14 miles and then gave up. Von Schoening covered the full distance in nine hours and won the match.

In October, at Providence, R. I., E. P. Weston is to again attempt to beat the best record for running and walking six days. Weston, to accomplish the feat, will have to cover over 565 miles, beating the colored pedestrian in the O'Leary belt contest held in New York last April. Weston's best record is 550 miles, made in England, when he won the Astley belt.

COL. SMITH, colored pugilist of East Saginaw, Mich., sends the following challenge:

SAGINAW, Mich., August 21, 1880.
TO THE SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE—Sir: Please state in the sporting column of the GAZETTE that I am ready to meet any colored pugilist in America in a contest with hard gloves for \$250 a side, Queensbury rules, with or without gloves, for \$500. George Taylor, the light-weight champion, preferred.

Prof. C. A. C. SMITH.
Smith keeps a boxing school at East Saginaw. He stands six feet in height and weighs 200 pounds. He has figured in glove contests with Prof. J. Donaldson, Dan Carr, Jim Lafferty, etc. [Note.—George Taylor, the colored pugilist, is only a light-weight, and would be no match for the Saginaw Hercules. Jack Lawson—"Dangerous Jack"—the colored boxer of this city, or George Brown, of Chicago, should accept Smith's challenge. Either would be a capital match for Smith.]

Gazette readers don't fail to read scenes in New York years ago in the life of The Allen. It commenced last week.

AMUSEMENTS.

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"HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE."

(SEE PAGE 6.)